

1865

JANUARY

1909

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

HOLINESS TO THE LORD



OUR NEW ENROLLMENT

Copyright 1908
by The JOHNSON Co. Salt Lake

Published By The
Deseret Sunday School Union
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Utah-Idaho Sugar Company

MAIN OFFICES

SHARON BLDG., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Factories

LEHI, UTAH GARLAND, UTAH

Auxiliary Plants:

Springville Spanish Fork
Provo, Utah

IDAHO FALLS IDAHO

SUGAR CITY - IDAHO

BLACKFOOT - IDAHO

NAMPA - - IDAHO

Auxiliary Plant: Parker, Idaho

Joseph F. Smith, President

Thos. R. Cutler, Vice-President

H. G. Whitney, Sec'y and Treas.



LOOK FOR THIS

CRESCENT-FILLER

Fills Its Own Tank

To fill the Conklin Fountain Pen simply dip it in any ink-well and press the Crescent-Filler. It fills its own tank in a jiffy—ready to write instantly. Nothing to take apart—no dropper—no inky fingers—no loss of time.

CONKLIN'S Self-Filling Fountain Pen

is perfect—from the standpoint of simplicity, convenience and easy writing qualities. Uniform flow of ink. Won't scratch, blot, balk or leak.

Leading dealers handle the Conklin. If yours does not, order direct. Prices \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 to \$15.00. Send at once for our handsome new catalog.

THE CONKLIN PEN CO.,
J. E. MANHATTAN BUILDING
TOLEDO, OHIO.
U. S. A.



Now being printed, a **NEW EDITION** of John Henry Evans'

"One Hundred Years of Mormonism"

Thoroughly revised. Printed and bound in up to-date style. Price \$1.25 post paid. Special price to Schools and Quorums in lots of 6 or more. \$1.00 per copy.

NOW READY, AN EDITION OF

Reynolds' Dictionary of the Book of Mormon
\$1.25 Post Paid.

Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store
44 E. SOUTH TEMPLE ST., SALT LAKE CITY

Say that you saw it in The Juvenile Instructor.

**THE
WILLIAMSON
HAFFNER CO.**
ENGRAVERS  PRINTERS
DENVER, COLO.

Sunday School Minute Book

NOW READY, with
blanks for four years.

Price - - **\$2.50**

Post Paid

New Class Rolls have
been prepared and
are now ready.

Price each - **25c**

***Deseret Sunday School Union
Book Store***

44 E. South Temple St. Salt Lake City



SCENIC LINE of the World

The only transcontinental line passing
directly through quaint and picturesque
Salt Lake City. A stop-over is allowed
at Salt Lake City, beautiful Glenwood,
Colorado Springs or Denver on all classes
of tickets on application to the train con-
ductor. Scenery unequaled in the world.

I. A. BENTON, General Agent

IF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO

The Juvenile Instructor

EXPIRES IN DECEM-
BER, IT IS TIME TO

**RENEW
NOW**

Send \$1.00 with your address to the
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Salt Lake City, Utah



ENGRAVERS
DESIGNERS
ELECTROTYPERS

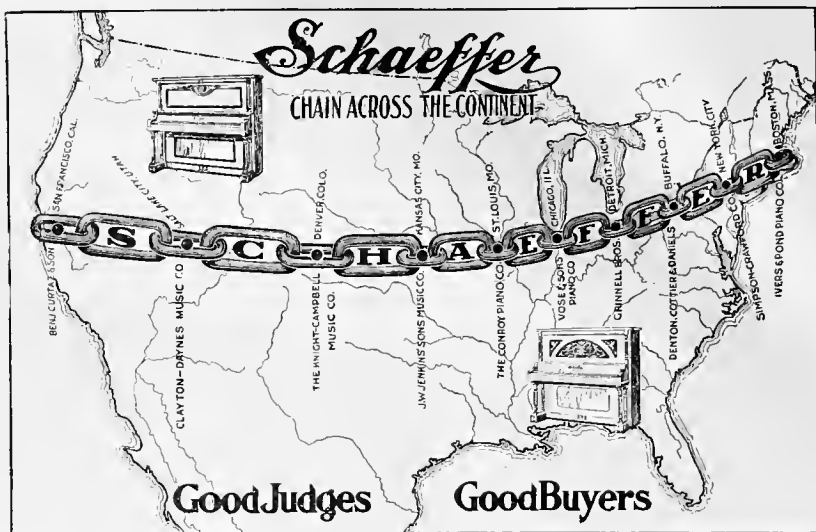
**SALT LAKE CITY
UTAH**

GOOD BOOKS

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL,
SEVENTYS' QUORUM,
M. I. ASSOCIATIONS,
AND THE HOME
ALWAYS TO BE HAD AT

***Deseret Sunday School
Union Book Store***

44 E. SOUTH TEMPLE ST. SALT LAKE CITY



PRICES
\$350.
to
\$450.

TERMS
TO
SUIT
YOU

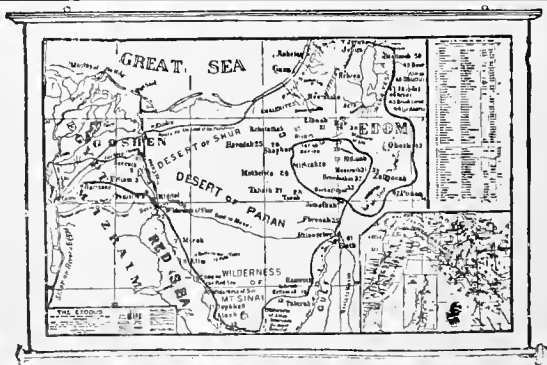
SCHAEFFER PIANOS ARE DEPENDABLE PIANOS and are guaranteed by us, as well as by the manufacturers.

UTAH AND IDAHO REPRESENTATIVES

CLAYTON-DAYNES MUSIC CO.

"STEINWAY AGENTS"

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



Maps

Exodus	\$1.50
Old Testament, Palestine ...	1.50
New Testament, Palestine..	1.50
Paul's Travels.....	1.50
Book of Mormon, Cloth.....	2.00

Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store
44 E. South Temple St. Salt Lake City

A SAFE DRINK FOR LATTER-DAY SAINTS

KOFFE-ET

MADE FROM WHOLE GRAINS and FRUITS

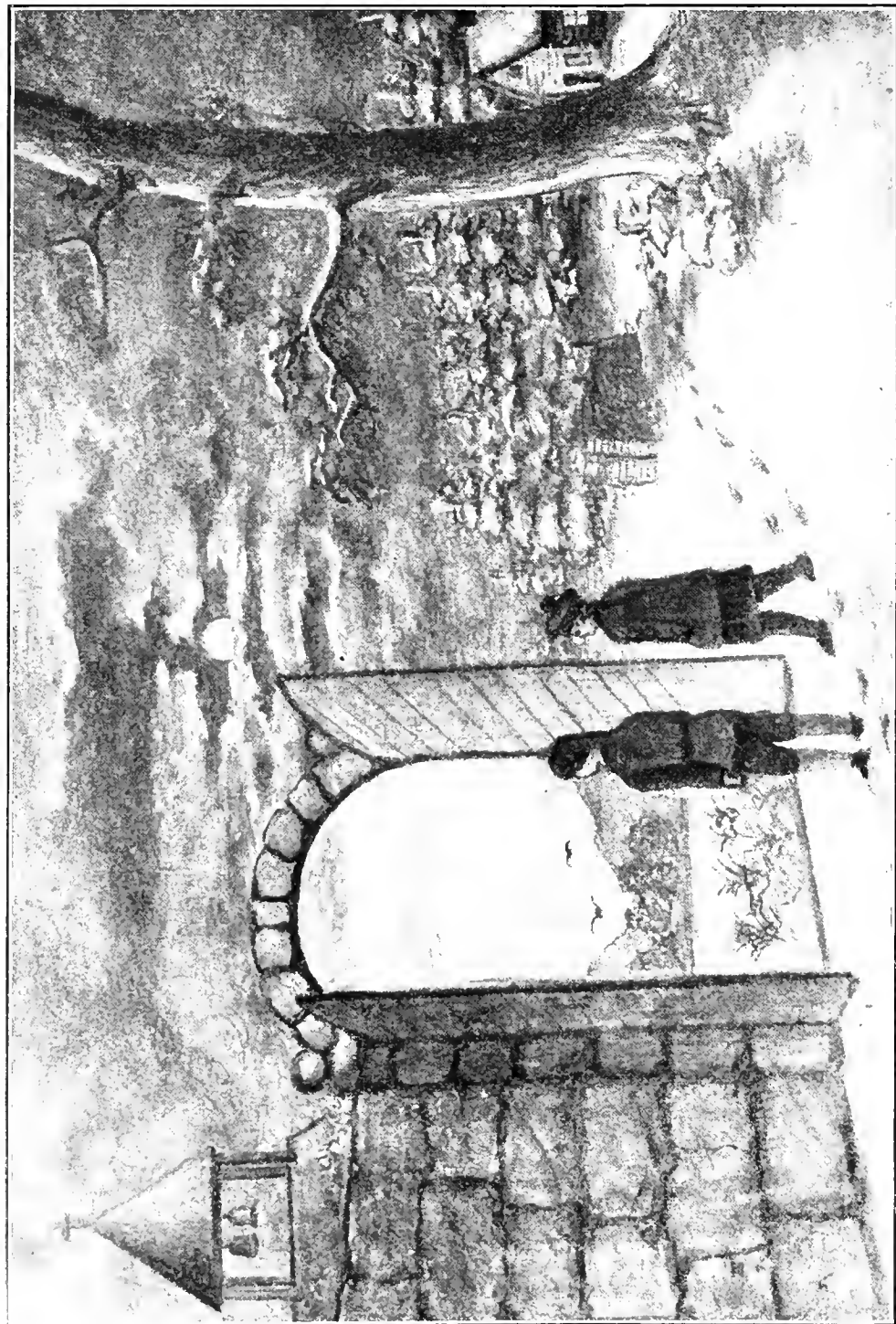
Prouounced pure and wholesome by State Food and Dairy Commissioner and by Pres. John A. Widtssoe of Utah Agricultural College

Sold By All Grocers

1½ Pound Package 25c

Say that you saw it in The Juvenile Instructor.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Corporation of the Presiding Bishop, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints



Dragon for the Juvenile Instructor by Torloif S. Knaphus.

A NEW YEAR'S VISION.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

VOL. XLIV

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JANUARY 1, 1909

NO. 1

Tales of Our Grandfathers.

By John Henry Evans.

LITTLE PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES.

SCENE ONE.

The Pitcher family were at supper. Seven there were of them—the father, the mother, and five children, all boys. Pitcher, the elder, was a constable at Independence, the man, you know, who is supposed to carry the peace of the community about in his vest pocket.

Potatoes and bread were passed around in silence, for these commonplace articles are not talk-producing, anyhow. Each took what he needed and turned the rest over to his next neighbor. But when the bacon made *its* round, conversation broke out. Whether it was *because* it was bacon, and not some other kind of meat, I cannot tell. I merely record the fact as a good historian should.

"Them Mormons is gettin' purty numerous, I reckon," the man drawled. And then, as nobody contradicted him, he went on:

"Two or three hundred of 'em come this week. Shouldn't wonder but they'd crowd us old settlers out after a time. Leastways they'll out-vote us." This was a long speech for Pitcher.

What the woman ought to have said was, that as Jackson county was a big country with only a comparatively few people in it, the pros-

pect of any "crowding" seemed a good way off to her. But you can never depend on people saying what they ought to—some are so contrary. She only said:

"I reckon they're a bad sort, then?"

"Them as I know," was the answer, "ain't any better than the law'll allow. Poor, mostly, an' fit only for the prairie land, where most of 'em hev gone."

"And what be you goin' to do about it?"

"Nothin'; can't do nothin'—anyhow, not right away."

"They won't crowd *us* out o' this here house, Dad; not if I c'n help it!" ventured Bill Pitcher, the eldest boy, who looked about thirteen.

It couldn't have mattered much if "they" should crowd them out. In fact, it would have been a good thing, provided the house *into* which they were crowded was better than the one *out of* which they were crowded. But this would be hard to do. Not because of any strong resistance, on the part of Bill and the other members of the family, but rather because it would have been all but impossible to find in just that part of the country a poorer shack of a house. Quite impossible, I should say, on second thought—unless, indeed, you went off a little way to a certain place I could name on Log creek, where

there were some families—old settlers, too—dressed wholly in skins—women and children, and all, mind you!

For the Pitcher house was a one-room log structure, unhewn, with dirt floor and roof, and gunny sacks at the door and window. The family bunk rose tier on tier as far as the ceiling would allow. A few rough boards knocked together served for a table, and three-legged stools, also knocked together and threatening to come apart any minute, acted in the place of chairs. Bill, the eldest, would have stared vacantly if you had begun talking of such things as pictures.

"They're goin' to move here fur good, I reckon," Pitcher went on. "They've got a printin' establishment and a store a'-ready."

"Well," his wife added, heroically, "I guess we'll hev to stand 'em, Tom."

The conversation went on, but I must hasten to give you—

SCENE TWO.

It is after supper, and long after dark, too; for in October the days become very short. Five boys are sitting round a fire in the back of Pitcher's log cabin, after the manner of boys.

"They ain't no good, anyway," one boy was saying.

"'Course they ain't! What they want to come here fer? I'd like to know. Why didn't they stay in their own country?"

"F'er the same reason as you come here, Bill Pitcher!"

"Hello, Jim Hathway! You turned Mormon?"

No, I hain't, but I've turned fair! This is a free country and everybody has a right to go where he wants to."

"Not an' drive people out as was afore 'em!"

"Who's a drivin' you out, I'd like to know?"

"They ain't nobody drivin' just now, but they're goin' to. My Dad says so!"

"Le's us do some driving! What d'ye say, kids? Le's go and have some fun with old Biglow!"

"You're a cracker-jack for invention, Sam Pixley!"

There was a discussion of this idea, some being against it, but most being for it. He who had been called Jim Hatwhay took a valiant part in defending right and fairness. But his and other objections were forthwith overruled, and the campfire meeting broke up.

SCENE THREE.

The Biglows were at supper. Seven of them there were also, and the five children were girls. The man, though, was not a constable, and would not even like to be. Nevertheless, he tried to keep the peace.

I know it was the bacon that started the conversation here, because immediately after a blessing had been asked and just as the woman passed the plate to her husband, she said:

"Tomorrow, Fred, we'll have the wild chickens for dinner."

And then you should have seen the youngsters' eyes—how they fairly blazed!

"It's not chickens that troubles me, though," explained the man. For he was not in his usual happy mood.

"What *is* it, then?"

"Oh, today when I went to the store, a crowd of men were there talking, and Brother Wilson said among other unwise things that the Missourians would see the day

when they'd not be on the land in Jackson county, because the Lord had given it to us. It was very foolish of him to say that. One of the men—Pixley—got very ugly over it."

Biglow did not know that this man hadn't got over his ugliness, either, and that at this very moment the Pixleys were hotly discussing the same subject at *their* home.

"And didn't somebody set the men right on the matter?"

"Yes; Brother Gilbert asked them if we hadn't paid for every foot of land we claim, and added that we were trying to be progressive, peaceful citizens."

"And what did they say?"

"Nothing much. Of course, they couldn't deny its truth. But it didn't change their feelings any towards us."

"I hope they won't do any harm to any of our people," Mrs. Biglow said.

"No; I don't think anything like that'll ever come of it. But I should like to live at peace with my neighbors. We've got to hold ourselves pretty straight, though, so's not to give offense; because some of these old settlers are very easily offended, and the more ignorant among them would be hard to control."

"I should think," the woman added, "they'd be glad to have a lot of enterprising people come here to develop the country. We've been here only a year and look at what we've done towards improving the country!"

What Mrs. Biglow said was true. The Saints since 1831 had bought hundreds of acres of land in Jackson county. They had built some good houses with real windows and doors in, had fenced their lots, and

had planted gardens. Some of them had flowers in front of their houses, and pictures were common among the people. There was all the difference in the world generally between the old settlers, so called, and the thrifty "Mormons" who had only come there recently.

Later in the evening the matter came up again for conversation. Like Banquo's ghost the subject would not down.

Suddenly, while Mrs. Biglow was in the act of repeating her hopeful sentiment that no harm would come to anyone because of the prejudice that seemed to be abroad in the county against the "Mormon" people, there was a sudden crash of glass at the window, and a stone came within an ace of hitting her on the head. She was in the act of stooping over the table to fold the table cloth as, for the instant, she was uttering the sentence.

Mr. Biglow and the girls jumped up excitedly and ran to the door; but no one was to be seen or heard. He was about to return into the house when he thought there appeared an unusual lightness without. So he stopped to inquire into the matter.

It was not long, however, before he knew the cause. The only haystack in Mr. Biglow's back yard was ablaze!

Neighbors came—Saints, of course—came flocking from all quarters. But nothing could be done, as there were no means in that locality of putting out fires. So they could only stand off and watch the huge and costly bonfire.

This was the prelude of the sufferings and hardships which the Saints endured at the hands of their unprincipled neighbors.

Willie's Donation.

By Ellis R. Shipp.

Willie was the bad boy in Miss Brown's room of first graders. Miss Brown did not admit it, for she stood firmly by her declaration of the early fall that she had no bad boys and didn't believe there were any. Nevertheless it was Willie who was called to the Principal's office for running through the girls' rope, so they couldn't jump. It was Willie who grabbed Margaret's apple at noon and ran down the street eating like the "little pig" he was called. It was Willie, who, against strictest orders of Mr. Wheeler, climbed to the third floor and out onto the landing for a forbidden slide down the fire-escape.

It was Willie whom Miss Brown watched this morning with troubled face, from her window as he sat outside on the window sill, eating candy beans from an unusually large sack, all unmindful of the boys and girls who stood around with eager eyes coveting the pink and white and yellow treasures as they disappeared rapidly down Willie's throat.

This was the Friday morning after the San Francisco earthquake. Every day during the week, the school children had been allowed to bring bread to help fill the cars that were loaded each day to be sent out to the sufferers. In Miss Brown's room the long number table had been transformed into a bakery counter, and many of the number exercises and games and morning talks partook of the all-absorbing topic, "The Earthquake."

Most of the children came early to school, anxious to make their offerings and be rewarded by the

sweet smile of approval from Miss Brown.

"Good morning, Mary," said the teacher, as she laid a caressing hand on the curly head of Willie's little sister, who came in puffing under the load of a bundle almost as big as herself.

"Good morning, Miss Brown," came the smiling answer. "See what I have. It's baker's bread. Baby was sick yesterday. Mamma couldn't bake. She gave us each a quarter. I hurried on to the store so it wouldn't all be gone." The long rounded loaves were laid carefully upon the already well-stacked table, just as the gong sounded and the pupils filed into their seats.

"Good morning, children."

"Good morning, Miss Brown," came the ready response from every child, except Willie, who was busily disposing of a very noisy sack in his desk.

"Help me thank the Father" asked the teacher, as she closed her eyes. The little heads were bowed and with clear sweet voices they repeated line by line:

"Loving father, hear our prayer,
Take into Thy loving care
All the children far away.
Shelter from the cold and storm
Give them food and keep them warm."

"Help me in my heart to thank Thee,
Help me with my lips to praise Thee.
May I to each playmate be
Kind as thou hast been to me."

After the morning songs were sung, Miss Brown said: "We are going to play a new game this morning. I will tell the story and you children may close your eyes if you like and play your are going

right along with me, for we are going to take a long journey. We are going right along with these good loaves of bread you have brought, down to the depot, climb up into one of the big freight cars and go with it away over to San Francisco. I hope there is room enough for all. Willie, you can climb up on that pile of cracker boxes. Hold on tight to the railing so you won't fall. Joe and James and Gordon, you have waited for every one else to get a seat, you're brave boys, I guess you will have to ride on top. You will see everything. Call for us to look out when something fine comes along, so we won't miss anything. Sh-sh-sh. Ding, dong, ding, dong. Too-oo-to-oo, here we go!

How tired we are after traveling two days and nights but at last we have arrived at San Francisco.

Come now, we must hurry to the park, for we are going to see some of the unfortunate people who are to eat this bread we have brought. Don't fall, girls, over those piles of bricks and glass and plaster. That great mass of rubbish was once a fine building, where over twenty-five papas and mammas lived with their children. Take care, boys, that you don't slip into that deep gulch where the sidewalk has cracked.

Here we are at Golden Gate Park. Look, there are hundreds of papas and mammas with their little children. They had to come here that dreadful night when their homes were burned down. Every night since then they have had to sleep on the grass and had nothing to eat except the rations given out to them from the counter over there under the trees.



WILLIE SAT OUTSIDE ON THE WINDOW-SILL.

Do you see that woman standing in line, with the shawl thrown over her head, her hand covering her eyes? She is waiting for her turn to get something to eat for her two little boys, Kent and William. There they are away over by that pepper tree. It is William's birthday. His mamma has always had something nice to give him before. Today they are hungry and homeless. The loving mother is praying while she waits, that God will remember her little ones and that the officers will give her a generous supply this day.

At length her turn has come. She takes what is offered her, with a grateful "Thank you," and hurries back to the only treasures left her on earth.

"Oh mother, what did you get today?" call both the boys, when their mother is within hearing distance. They do not guess the disappointment hidden under the brave little mother's shawl. She hands a package of dried meat to Kent and the loaf of bread to William, for them to unwrap.

"Is this all?" asks William, as he lifts the loaf from the sack.

Then, what do you suppose he sees: another little sack, right in the

bottom of the large one. He pulls it out with such a jerk that it breaks and out rolls the most delicious candy, chocolate drops and peppermints and candy beans, pink and white and yellow.

"Oh, mother, mother! Candy beans too! I like those best of all!" and throwing his arms about his mother's neck he kissed her again and again.

The little mother was saying to herself: "My prayer has been answered. Thank God for putting it into the heart of some good child to make this offering for my darling's birthday."

"Come back, little travelers, take your readers, and I will let you read a story to me now,"—and so the regular work began.

At recess it was Willie who was the privileged helper to stay in to erase the boards, even Miss Brown was out playing "Ring-around-a-rosy."

That afternoon, when the contributions were being carried from the various rooms into the main hall for packing, there might have been found, tucked down by the side of one loaf, a bag of candy beans—pink and white and yellow.

BE the noblest man that your present faith, poor and weak and imperfect as it is, can make you be. Live up to your present growth, your present faith. So, and so only, do you take the next step forward, as you stand strong where you are now; so only can you think the curtain will be drawn back and there will be revealed to you what lies beyond.—Phillips Brooks. ❧ ❧

An Incident.

By Almeda Perry.

My brother and I had been spending our summer vacation in a little town high up in the Uintah Mountains, and now that the summer was over, we were returning to our winter's work in the city. Between us and the railway station lay a stretch of one hundred and twenty miles of desert country, with no signs of life except a lonely ranch house here and there along the way; and near the point where the Duchesne and Uintah rivers joined their waters stood a military fort, where Uncle Sam kept a company of soldires to guard the wretched remnant of a once mighty Indian nation.

With a great show of cheerfulness we were far from feeling, my brother and I turned our backs on the pretty little village in the mountains. The road was rough, and the scenery uninteresting, so we drove along in almost absolute silence.

After about three hours we saw a man trudging along in the sand ahead of us.

"Surely," said I, "there is no one insane enough to start walking over such a road."

"It appears so," said my brother.

We soon overtook the pedestrian, and as we passed him, he looked up at us out of a pair of the handsomest black eyes I ever saw. I was struck by his youth and rather unusual appearance; he seemed not more than twenty-one years of age, and though his clothes were threadbare, they were neat and well fitted.

"What a handsome boy," I said. "What can he be doing here? Oughtn't we to try and find out

something about him? He probably knows nothing about the country ahead of him."

"Captured by a handsome pair of eyes as usual," laughed my brother, who knew my weaknesses. Nevertheless he drew up the horses and waited until the boy came up.

"Are you afoot over the road, friend," he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, looking up at us somewhat defiantly.

"There's room up here if you care to ride with us," said my brother.

The lad's expression changed to one of sheer surprise, then flushing with pleasure and stammering some thing about our kindness he climbed into the rig.

From behind the shelter of my thick veil I looked hard at the stranger; he was certainly worth looking at, with a figure lithe and well proportioned, a face almost classic in the regularity of its lines. The skin was a pale olive, with a deep tinge of red in the cheeks; his hair was a very dark brokn, and wavy; but his eyes baffle description, they were large and black with an expression indescribable. When looking at them one felt that young as he appeared, the boy had a history.

My brother entered into conversation with him, and we soon learned that he was a miner from Colorado, who, though not a striker, had been thrown out of work on account of the miners' strike in that state. He also told us that he had served three years as a volunteer soldier in the Philippines. I began to be very curious about him, to

wonder who and what the boy really was. He spoke freely of his experiences as a soldier, and as he had a very strong sense of humor, the remainder of the morning's ride was very pleasant. When we stopped for lunch, it was decided that the stranger should travel with us until we reached the station. My brother and I both felt that he would help to make the long ride a little less dreary.

The first night out, we sat around the camp fire until a late hour, enjoying his tales of life in a mining camp. He spoke with that soft drawl peculiar to the southerner, but his accent seemed that of the Middle East. When deeply interested, he dropped his southern drawl, and his words fell clear cut and concise.

The second night out we camped on the bank of the Argyle. It was one of those glorious nights—all white with moonlight, when the whole earth seems holding its breath in rapt admiration. After supper we let the fire die down and sat in the moonlight. My brother and I sang our college songs, then some of the popular airs, in which our guest joined us. He had a fairly well cultivated tenor voice of rare sweetness. We sang song after song, and when at last we all joined in the strains of that dear old song of the heart, "Home, Sweet Home," the very rocks and trees around us seemed to join in, and the river rippled a soft accompaniment. In the brilliant moonlight I distinctly saw tears glistening in the eyes of our guest, and found myself wondering what kind of home he had known.

The next morning we were all rather silent during our drive, but when camp was made at lunch time our cheerfulness returned, and the

meal was enlivened by jests and laughter. Our guest took up a bright tin soup spoon and scratched something in the bowl with his pen-knife, then passed the spoon to me. I read "Rollin S. Lorne," written in bold characters.

"Why, that name is music itself," I said.

"That is what I am called," he answered, smiling. Then handing me the knife he asked me to write my name. I did so and passed the spoon to my brother. He wrote his name, and returned the spoon to our guest, who, after adding the date and the name of the canyon in which we were camped, placed the spoon in an inner breast pocket.

I think we were all rather sorry when we reached the station, about four o'clock that afternoon, for my brother and I had become rather fond of our stranger guest. Our train did not leave until seven o'clock, so we went to the hotel to get what rest was possible before that time, our friend promising to see us at the station.

About six o'clock my brother went up to the depot to purchase our tickets and came back with the boy. We sat chatting on the hotel porch, and I asked him if he expected to take the train out that night. He said that he had decided to wait until tomorrow. At parting he wrung our hands and said that he hoped to meet us under more auspicious circumstances. When we were on the train I asked my brother why the boy was waiting at the station until the next day, instead of going out that night.

"Because he's too confounded proud to accept a loan from me. He's dead broke, too. He will hang around here until he gets a chance to beat his way out."

"He's probably on this train," I said.

"There is no doubt of it," replied my brother.

About ten o'clock that night we stopped at a little station up in the mountains, and there seemed to be a great deal of noise and shouting outside. My brother went out.

"Putting off a gang of hoboes," he said, when he returned. "No, I don't think Lorne is among them," he continued, in answer to my look.

I opened the window and sat looking out at the excited train of officials and the three or four men they had found "beating" their way. In a few minutes we started on, and as we neared the yard limits, a familiar figure darted out from behind a box car and sprang at the train. He grasped the iron rail and tried to draw himself up, but for some reason he missed the step; his grasp on the rail loosened, and he was thrown under the car. I uttered a wild shriek, for in the bright moonlight I had recognized in the victim our late traveling companion.

The conductor, who had been watching from the rear platform, saw the tragedy, and ordered the train to stop and back up. Almost before it had stopped, I was on my knees beside the boy and had raised his head. The boy was conscious, and looked up in my face with a bright smile, though he was suffering mortal agony, his lower limbs and the lower part of his body being frightfully mangled.

"Mother," he gasped, "in pocket—with—spoon." I put my hand in his pocket and drew out a small photograph and held it before him. His lips moved, but no sound came

from them; then a great shudder passed over him—he tried to raise his head, but fell back in my arms, a dead weight. The train men carried him away.

My brother put his arm about me and led me to the station; there I sat down staring at the photograph with unseeing eyes. Suddenly I became conscious of something written underneath the picture. "Mother, 7482 West Walnut Street, Philadelphia," I read. I showed it to my brother, and we decided to telegraph. In the morning an answer came; his brother would come at once. We waited until he came, heartbroken over the tragedy, and then we learned the boy's story.

He belonged to an old and very aristocratic family in Philadelphia. While a student of the Boys' High School he, with others of his class, had through thoughtless hazing caused the serious illness of a fellow-student. Rollin fled from home in fear and remorse, and though his friends had used every possible means of finding him, they had been unable to get any trace whatever until our telegram came.

We did what we could to comfort the grief-stricken brother, and remained with him until the body of the unfortunate boy was ready to be shipped to his home.

Of all my possessions, most sacred to me are the mementos given me by our poor boy's brother at parting. They are the tin soup spoon, the mother's picture, for which the boy asked with his last breath, and last, but dearest of all, a photograph of Rollin when a happy school boy, before thoughtlessness and love of fun had made him a wanderer on the face of the earth.

Think nobly, speak nobly, live nobly, teach nobly.



The Wren's Nest.

Adapted.

Such a lively set of boys and girls as were gathered on the front porch you never saw. It was Dolly's birthday, and about a dozen children had been invited to take dinner with her.

"What can we play now?" panted Dolly, as she sank down on the steps, all out of breath, after chasing Jack Dickson upon the hay mow.

"Oh, what do you think I've found," called little Tommy Schooner, dancing around the corner.

"Oh, what?" they all exclaimed.

"Guess!"

"A penny, most likely," said Phil.

"No, sir, come and see," and Tommy led the way, the rest following. At one end of the back piazza was a long bench, covered with stone crocks or jars, turned bottom side up. The crocks were stacked one above another in big piles. One stack was pushed slightly over the edge so there was a hole up under them.

Tommy got down on the floor and looked up under the stack.

"Look there!" he said, in great satisfaction, and three or four boys joined him.

"Oh, don't touch that," cried Dolly, in great alarm. "Be careful, Tommy. Come away."

"Pooh!" exclaimed one of the boys, "it's nothing but a bird's nest."

"Well, you leave it alone," cried Dolly, almost angry at the boys' heedlessness. "That's my wren's nest. They built it when I had the measles in April. Oh, they were so cunning. I used to sit by the window and watch them. They brought straws four or five times as long as they were themselves to put into the nest. Dear little fellows, they worked so hard! Sometimes they would get a straw nearly up to the crock and the wind would blow it away and they would have to try over again.

"Mamma put some little bits of worsted out there on purpose for them, and they put those in, and rags, and chicken feathers, and grass, and lots of things. They made it with a roof so that when Mamma Wren is inside all you can see is her bill.

"One day when I got better I looked in and there were six little mites of eggs—kind of white with little specks of red and brown."

"Why didn't you keep 'em?" asked Bob.

"The idea!" cried Susie. "I should think you'd be ashamed, Bob Jenkins!"

"Why, of course, I wouldn't touch them for anything," said Dolly, "and one day I saw the papa Wren keep flying out of the nest with something in his mouth that he

would drop under that tree. I went out to see what it was, he went so many times, and I found lots of little pieces of egg shells, and when I looked in the nest instead of eggs there were six little birds about as big as two little grains of corn, one grain for the head and another for the body."

"Oh, let's see 'em," said Phil. "Let's lift the crock up."

"The mother bird's in there now," said Tommy. "I saw her fly in."

"Come away and let it be still here and perhaps she will come out," said Dolly. So they went back to the front lawn.

"On the carpet here we staid," sang the children's voices, as one after another was called into the ring, and all was quiet on the back piazza.

Mamma Wren peeped shyly out, and finding the coast clear started off in search of food.

This was what Algernon Fitzgerald had been waiting for. Now was his chance, and he stole noiselessly across the grass, climbed upon the bench and began a search for those birds. He had said nothing while the children were talking, but he had made up his mind to have the first peep.

"Come, Phil, it's your turn to call someone into the ring," when—what was that?—such a cry as came from the back of the house.

"Oh, my!" cried Dolly, her face growing pale. "My birds!" and they all followed her to the spot where a fierce battle was taking place.

It seems Algernon, surprised by the unexpected return of Mamma

Wren, had lost his balance and had fallen to the floor, and before he could scramble to his feet, Mamma Wren flew at him. What a fuss that mite of a bird did make! Up and down, back and forth, around his head she went until Papa Wren, hearing the alarm, joined in the fray.

How they did scream at him and scold him! Neither of them touched him, but they flew so near him that he crouched there, big coward that he was, acting as if he expected any minute to have his eyes picked right out of his head.

It was the funniest kind of sight, the birds were so tiny, and Algernon was so big.

"Why, Algernon Fitzgerald Fremont," cried Dolly, stamping her foot, "you are the wickedest boy that ever lived, and you shan't have a bit of supper tonight."

"Come children, dinner is ready," called Mrs. Fremont, and Algernon Fitzgerald took this occasion to slink off to the barn with drooping head.

Papa lifted the crock very gently, after supper, so that all the children could look inside and see the curious nest.

The wrens stayed there until the little ones were fully grown, and though they came back the next year and built another nest in the very same place, Algernon was never known to molest them. He would sometimes sit near by and open his eyes as he heard the chirping of the birds while they were being fed, but the memory of that May battle kept him at a safe distance.

Our Father God, to Thee belongs
The tribute of our sweetest songs:
Thy power and mercy crown our way
To all the blessings of this day.

—Eliza R. Snow.

Chloie's Disobedience.

By Master Ben Angell.

It had been a long, pleasant day to Chloie, but the sun was now hastening away with it. It was just about as far from the hill as Chloie was from the kitchen door, which was eight of her tiny steps. The old hen with her thirteen little chicks was clucking and scratching in the yard; the cat lay dozing in a cool place by an apricot tree; "Ole" Peggy stood at the gate, bawling for her night's feed and milking; but Chloie was not thinking about the chicks, nor the cat, nor the cow.

She was too much absorbed in Markie and a long new rope which lay between them.

Markie lived in the house next to Chloie's home, and they often played together, though Chloie was two years older than Markie. Just now Chloie was looking very anxiously at him, as she talked, but he only smiled at her in his good-natured Scotch way.

"Will you, Markie," she coaxed.

"Naw, I daresn't; your pa'd lick me."

"No, he won't; he'll never know it; and we can't skip with this big rope. He'll never know it," she persisted.

"Go'n' ask him," drawled Markie.

"Well, will you do it if he won't let me?"

"Why don't you do it?"

"Oh, pa'd lick me and he won't you."

But she could get no satisfaction so she thought best to ask her papa, though she did not think he would let her.

Her little bare legs soon carried her into the house. She went up to her papa, and asked timidly, "Pa,

may I cut a little bit off of that rope, so we can skip with it?"

"If you can't skip with it as it is, you can't skip at all," papa answered, decidedly.

Every feature of Chloie's face said "disappointed," and after coaxing Markie again to cut it, she finally found he was immovable. Her longing for a good "skip the rope" had grown more intense, and she decided to do it herself, so she ran in the house for a butcher knife.

"What are you going to use that for?" mamma asked.

"Nothing," she answered, hurriedly, and quickly ran out to avoid further questions.

Then, dragging the rope in her cute little way, to the other side of the house, so papa and mamma might not see her, she tried to cut the rope. She could hardly do it, but she finally succeeded.

Poor little Chloie! Now it was done, she did not dare to play with it, because papa might see her. Her first impulse was to hide it. But where? Her playhouse was built over a ditch by the board fence. Boards had been laid across the ditch for a floor. In the ditch under her playhouse floor was the place, then, to hide it; so crouching along under the windows and then running, she went to her playhouse. No sooner hidden and back to Markie than papa was heard coming out of the house; then Markie scampered home as fast as he could.

"Now, who cut that rope," asked papa, sternly, as he spied the newly cut tie-rope lying there.

Chloie's heart felt like a big,

hard stone as she answered, "Mark-
ie did."

"Well, didn't you tell him to?"

"No, sir; I didn't."

"Where is it?"

"I don't know," she said, ready
to choke.

"Well, we'll go and see if we
can find it," said papa, taking her
by the hand, "and if I find you have
told a lie I shall whip you."

Papa searched in almost every
place she thought he could think
of—under the floor, in the old stove,
in the lucern, in the washing ma-

chine, in boxes, and under the lum-
ber pile; and then when he started
toward her playhouse she could
hear her heart beating very loud.

Papa drew the rope from under
her playhouse and showed it to her,
and then she had to confess. She
watched papa break the tiny switch
from a peach tree near by, which
looked very large to her, and then
he gave her a whipping she always
remembered. It took little Chloie
some time to learn the value of
truth, but when she did, she always
tried to tell it.

The Torch Bearer.

By Maud Baggarley.

Thro' the dark and thro' the rain,
Thro' life's sorrow, thro' life's pain,
Beareth he the torch of God,
Gleaming like the prophet's rod.

From the path he does not stray,
Straight before him lies the way;
Unseen angels guard the youth
Bearing high the torch of truth.

O'er the sea and o'er the land,
Holding high his flaming brand;
A ray divine across the night —
He beareth on the beacon light.

Joy doth wing his flying feet,
Love his watchword ringeth sweet
As he speeds upon his way,
Turning darkness into day.

Willie's Pilgrimage.

I

The Little Red Wagon.

"O Villie! Villie!"

That rasping voice again! thought Willie. But he only said:

"Yes, sir?"

"Come here, quick! A lady wants sometings delifered right away!"

The boy was in the cellar drawing a pint of vinegar. Coming into sight, he was told to carry a sack of flour to Mrs. Fenton's.

"Step lifely, Villie! It'll be dark soon."

Willie betook himself to the granary behind the store, put half a hundred of flour into a little red express

wagon, and trudged off sullenly in the direction of Mrs. Fenton's. She lived three-quarters of a miles away, over a wide sand hill which the wind had blown up.

I feel sure that this good woman's ears tingled horribly as Willie dragged along his load. And Mr. Cohn's, too, for that matter. Even the ears on the sack of flour would have burned if they hadn't been made of cloth! The wagon, though, *did* have a tongue. So he jerked that about angrily.

"Why couldn't she have come at a decent hour?" Willie asked himself. "She knew she was out of flour. Or why didn't Cohn say to her: 'No delivery tonight, Mrs.

Fenton—it's too late.' How I'd like to see her go without bread for once! It'd serve her right for getting me out after dark!

"Anyhow," he went on, gloomily, "I'm plumb sick o' this delivery business. It'll have to stop, that's all there is about it. It's Villie this and Villie that from mornin' till night!

Something more than two years ago he had been anxious to get a place in the store. He wasn't cut out for a farmer, this tall, lean, pale-faced boy with hands like a girl's. But this doing everything, from waiting on customers when the clerks were busy to delivering the larger parcels around town, and all on foot,



THIS IDEA OF WORKING IN A STORE.

too, was what he had not counted on. His idea of working in a store was to stand behind the counter with a pencil over an ear and to measure gingham or velvetine, smiling pleasantly whenever anything was said to you. *That* would have been something like it!

"By the time you are twelve, maybe," his father had told him when he first learned what his work was to be, "you'll have a better job. Cohn Brothers'll do the right thing by you. They'll advance you from place to place and increase your wages. Then after a while, perhaps, you'll have a store of your own. Who knows? Three years ago they came here with packs on their backs. And now look at 'em!"

This had greatly encouraged Willie—at first. After being there two years, though, and seeing no signs of advancement either in wages or position, he lost heart.

"They're foreigners," he had said to his father, as a final argument, "and they're too stingy to give me any more than two dollars a week. Besides, I don't like the work."

His father advised him to stay, and he did so obediently.

But the matter did not rest there, he approached his father on the subject many times after that. Lately he had brought it up every time he went to see his parents.

"Willie," said Mr. Endling, rather sharply, the last time it had been mentioned, "you're too young to know what is for your best good. I can see farther ahead than you can. And *I* say that's a good place. Anyway, you shan't quit."

That was only the day before yesterday. It had cut Willie deeply. But he went to work after it as usual. Till now he had borne up well. That Mr. Cohn should have asked him to lug a sack of flour

clear to Mrs. Fenton's at such an unreasonable hour, was what had started again the ghost of his old wish to leave the store.

It was that express wagon, though, which caused most of the trouble, and was the source of the greatest humiliation to his pride and vanity. He wondered what people thought of him—him, Willie Engling, twelve years, goin' on thirteen—lugging this toy wagon from one point to another through the fine sand. He knew what some of the boys thought. When he told them he had got a job clerking at Cohn Brothers' store, they envied him. Afterwards, when they saw him at his work, they laughed, and called him the dray-horse. He hoped they would not see him to-night. Willie had tried to persuade his employers to get a horse and buggy. That would have taken away all the soreness. Then *he* could laugh. How he would crack the whip at the boys when they tried to hang on! But no horse had been forthcoming, except Mr. Shanks' ponies.

"Here, you young scape grace!" saluted his ears. He was actually going past Mrs. Fenton's, and that was her shrill voice recalling him to duty. "You're a speedy kid!" she went on, sarcastically, as he put down the flour near the door. "It was lucky it wasn't too dark for me to see you, or else goodness knows where you'd gone with it."

Willie said nothing back.

On the way to the store Willie's mind was so hard at work on something that he did not observe much of what went on about him. Once a man passed.

"What's the matter with that youngster," the man said to himself, "that makes him jerk that wagon around so?"

He did not know that the "youngster" also doubled up his fist and talked a good deal in an under-stone.

Another time a crowd of boys whooped by. Willie *did* see them, and they saw him.

"Hello, Dray!" they shouted variously, "when'll yer work be done?"

And this helped on his thoughts wonderfully.

II

The Voice Over the Door.

It was the next morning. Day was just beginning to send his gray couriers over the low hills eastward to see if the way were clear. The only sounds that broke the quiet were the sleepy crow of a cock here and there and the regular chugging snore of the switch engine on the side track. Otherwise you could have imagined that the little town was dead as the proverbial door nail.

But already there was a stirring at Cohn Brothers' retail dry goods and grocery store. And it wasn't the stirring of customers, either. A boy was moving about stealthily in the dim lamplight.

Who is it, anyway? Willie Ending, on my word! But that is not at all surprising, now that I think of it; for he always sleeps at the store. His bunk is behind that counter yonder, on which has been heaped a great quantity of quilts and blankets to hide the improvised bed-room.

Now he turns up the wick so as to see better.

What, in all conscience, makes the boy look so plump and fat? I always thought Willie was slender. He must have gained flesh amazingly during the night! Ho, ho,

young man! and so you've put on your two suits of clothes, have you? Well, all I have to say is, When you do that again, be sure to put the bigger coat outside and then the sleeves of the under one won't stick out so!

But hush! He is going to the grocery side of the store and behind the counter. Goodness me, how the ginger snaps are pouring into his coat pockets! He moves again. What! is the young rascal going to rob the money till? What's the world coming to, anyhow! Ah! he drops something in, instead of taking money out. That's a good deal better.

Now the lamp is out, and the back door creaks on its hinges—twice.

Passing out of the store Willie picked his way in the growing light through the back alley and among numerous Chinamen's houses till he reached the high stock yards near the railway track. Here he sat down. Now and then he cast a glance in the direction of a freight-train that had just pulled in from the north. The engine, wheezing and blowing, was resting itself, like a great animal, not far in front of him, but the body of the train stretched back, snake-like, in a quarter-circle for thirty or forty cars, the caboose standing dead in front of Cohn Brothers!

"Hello, Willie! What're you doin' out here so early?"

It was the tinker speaking. He had not evidently intended to pass so close to the stock yards, but being a busy-body, he wanted to know who it was crouching there so suspiciously.

Willie mumbled an answer, which satisfied neither. And the tinker passed on.

"That was a narrow escape!" said

Willie, to himself—as if it had been the man's sworn duty to grab him by the coat collar, like the town constable, and jerk him away to jail! It *was* a scare, though.

But the tinker had eyes in his head, even though it was his business to mend tinware; he had noticed Willie's huge bulk, and wondered.

Suddenly the engine let off steam. Looking in that direction Willie observed that the engineer and the fireman were again at their posts, after their breakfast. The freight would soon pull out of town.

Willie got up and walked with apparent unconcern towards the head of the train, and then past it to a point where the road led through a sandy hollow. There were no houses in this part of town. He sat down again and waited with nervous anxiety.

Presently came the loud toot-toot! of the engine, followed by a great puffing and grunting and spinning of the wheels. That was a heavy load to pull, but as its head was down hill the steam horse had a good foot-hold, so to speak. Willie got up and wandered toward the track, keeping a close eye on the brakeman, who was walking to and fro over the box cars.

The engine snorted past, ten or fifteen cars clicked by. Here was an open box car. Willie trotted alongside it for a rod or two. By this time it was going as fast as he could run. But he caught hold of the side of the car, the door of which was open, and swung himself into it breathless.

For a moment the boy was dazed by what he had done. He sat down in the middle of the car. But pretty soon he recovered himself. Moving to the door, he let his legs hang over the side. "I might as well

take in the scenery!" he said to himself with smiling coolness.

The landscape was moving now very rapidly with its usual circular rotation. Wasn't this fine! After all he had managed everything tip-top. No one had seen him except the tinker. What would Cohn say, he wondered, when he got to the store? Nobody would answer when he called out, "Villie, O Villie!" That would be a good joke. And father and mother—

"Hey there, you!"

Willie started. Where did that voice come from?

"What're you doin' there, fellow?" The words dropped from the car-top! The brakeman had seen him, then!

Quick as thought Willie jerked his legs in and scooted into the rear end of the car, where it was black almost as night. He strained his neck in the direction of the half-open door.

For a moment there was an awful stillness. Then he heard a noise on the top of the car, as of somebody shuffling about. This was continued for some time. Suddenly there appeared above the door-way a pair of man's shoes, then a pair of man's legs, then a man's body, swinging from the roof. Willie's breath ceased, and his heart knocked against his ribs. He crouched down in the farthest and darkest corner, endeavoring to bring his puffy self into the smallest possible compass. Maybe, after all, the swinging man would drop out, and Willie would be safe.

But the man didn't—he dropped in, and stood up in the middle of the floor, crying angrily:

"Come out o' there! I know where you are!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Old Year and the New.

By Annie Malin.

THE old year has gone with his worries and cares,
He has vanished from sight at last,
He has left in his place the glad new year,
And his face looked sad as he passed;
For the old year knows that his youthful friend
Will find trouble and care on his track,
And that days will pass as they always have,
While no one can bring them back.

The new year laughs as he hears the words
"A Happy New Year to You All!"
But the old year sighs, for he knows full well,
That on many much sorrow will fall.
The new year thinks as the old year goes,
With a shake of his head the while—
"I shall cheerfully smile the whole year through,
And sorrow and care will beguile."

So through the year goes the youthful throng,
With many a laugh and jest,
Till experience proves that old folks know
That which for them is best;
Then they understand why the old folks sigh,
As they quietly drop a tear
On the blighted hopes they have left behind
In the grave of the gray old year.

How Father and Mother Went to Parents' Class.

By Annie Malin.

Jennie Hill and her brother Fred were sitting at the little table with their books before them; but while Fred was busy with his lessons Jennie was unconsciously listening to her father's voice. Father and mother were sitting in the next room. Through the open door Jennie could see them both. Father was reading aloud from the evening paper, and mother was doing some mending. It struck Jennie for the first time that mother generally was doing some mending in the evening, and then she began to wonder what other time mother had in which to keep the family wardrobe in repairs, and Jennie flushed guiltily, for just then father looked at mother over his glasses and said, "Still at that everlasting mending, mother? It seems to me the girls old enough to do their share of that, you haven't had time to read your magazine this month, I'll be bound."

"The girls are always so busy," mother answered in her usual even tones, "that I don't like to ask them to do this."

There was a short pause as father returned to his paper, and then mother said in a low tone: "Sister Layton called on me this afternoon and invited me to attend the Parents' Class in Sunday School. She really seemed to want me to come, and said that as we have such a nice family I might be able to give some good ideas to younger parents"—and mother actually sighed. "How some mothers can go to the class every Sunday without neglecting their homes I can't see," continued mother, "it seems as if it

takes the whole morning to get the children ready on time and do my work. I feel that I should like to get out among my friends and exchange ideas. I feel that I am nothing but a sort of machine. But I do believe father, I am complaining," and mother looked so horrified that father laughed as he said:

"I don't wonder my dear. It is too bad that you can not find time to go if you want to, so badly, and if my getting up an hour earlier on Sunday morning will help you I am more than willing, and I say, mother if you can manage it I don't know but what I'll go with you, for I understand the subjects taken up are very interesting, and are just what all parents should study.

"Oh it is of no use thinking about it," said mother, wearily, "I know I could never manage it."

"Did you hear that Fred?" asked Jennie in a voice that trembled with excitement. "Mother really wants to go out and she shall, too," and Jennie's lips closed tightly. "It is a shame," she continued presently, "and I am a selfish old thing not to have known she wants a change."

"Well, Jen," said her brother, "you aren't the only selfish one in the family," and he made a wry face.

"We'll show them," said Jennie and then followed a lengthy discussion which would have surprised father and mother if they could have heard it.

The family consisted of five children, of whom Fred was the eldest. Jennie came next, and then Mary and Charlie, while the youngest was

little Nellie, a blue-eyed baby of three years.

The next Saturday the children worked with a will, and while Jennie and Mary were busy with the housework, Fred and Charlie cleaned up the yard, then Fred chopped a generous supply of wood which his brother stacked away without a murmur. If mother had not been so busy she would certainly have wondered to see them work.

After lunch Jennie said quietly, "Mother, may I help you do the baking for tomorrow? I would like to learn to cook as well as you do."

Mother's face looked very bright at this little compliment and then Fred said, "When you can do that, Jen, you will be a good one," and he gave mother a hug as he passed her.

Jennie and mother were soon deep in the mysteries of the cook-book. Even little Nell must help and got out her own little pan and rolling-pin. After this task was finished mother had a little sewing to finish, and while she busied herself with this, the children cleared everything away. Then came a bath for each of the children. When mother came into the kitchen again, such a group of clean, bright faces greeted her that she kissed each one, and said, "What a comfort good, thoughtful children are to parents," and as her hand rested tenderly on their heads they felt very happy indeed.

As she returned to her sewing they looked at each other knowingly and as Fred and Jennie finished an impromptu dance, Jennie said again, "We'll show them."

On Sunday morning, just as father had remembered he need not go to work, and had closed his

eyes for another nap, he heard the sound of voices in the kitchen and opened them again to find that mother was not yet up.

"What's the matter?" asked mother, sleepily, "some one seems to be up."

Just then Jennie tapped on the door and called, gaily, "It's time you're up children, you will be late for Sunday School."

Mother looked at father and father looked at mother, and then both laughed.

"If you can manage it, mother," father said, as he paused for breath, "I don't know but what I'll go with you."

They hastened to dress, and found breakfast waiting, while a merry group laughingly urged them to hurry. Even brother Fred was up, and as he usually kept the others waiting on Sunday morning, this was another surprise. Soon all were seated at the table, the faces of the parents glowing with pleasure and those of the children bright with happiness.

"I'll have to hurry if I do my usual Sunday morning chores," said father, as he finished his breakfast, and then Fred and Charlie exchanged glances. Father went out, but soon returned, saying that he could find nothing to do.

"I'm out of a job, mother," he said, smiling at the two boys. "These rascals have cleaned up everything spick and span. I had thought I should have to hire that wood cut."

"Don't do it, father," said Fred, earnestly, "you may depend on me to do it for you."

"I'll stack it all," Charlie added. And then father said, "All right, boys, and the money saved shall go to give mother an occasional treat."

Soon the dishes were washed, and everything put in order, and Jennie said, as the clock struck nine, "Now, mother, if you can get Nellie and yourself ready we will all be on time; and mother," she added, in a low tone, "after this I am going to help you with the mending so you can have your evenings to yourself."

Mother gave her a tender kiss while father said approvingly,

"Good for you, daughter, mother deserves a change."

The happy family went to Sunday School, and upon their return father and mother expressed themselves as being very much pleased with the Parents' Class; and father said with a smile, "Mother looks ten years younger already, children." And as the happy children looked at mother's smiling face they quite agreed with him.

The Old Year.

By Ruth May Fox.

*Good-bye, dear old year, good-bye,
 Edned thy throes of sorrow;
 Thy days of feverish strife,
 With the mighty problems of life,
 Which press the years more and
 more,
 Till streaming at every pore,
 Winged lightning they borrow,
 Madly rush to the goal
 And then—die.*

*Gulfed not in oblivion, old year,
 Neither o'er-cast by the past:
 Thy moons may never return,
 But fires from thy altars shall burn,
 While mem'ry shall sit on thy grave,*

*With eye ever jealous to save
 Every spark from the blast,
 Softly fanning the flame;
 Thou needst not fear.*

*Thou hast striven for peace, old year,
 And peace hath circled thy brow;
 Rulers of empires have bowed,
 Where freedom was knocking aloud;
 Thou hast parted the mystic veil,
 Through which we may gloriously
 sail,
 On an ariel prow,
 To future resplendence.
 Good-bye, old year.*

Junipero Serra. The Father of California.

By Elizabeth R. Cannon.

Michael Joseph Serra, like a good many other boys, had an ambition to "go West." As he was born on the island of Mallorca, near Spain, this meant the crossing of an ocean and a continent. But Serra wanted to convert the Indians, not kill them; and when he sang in the

a funny companion of St. Francis of whom the saint said, "Would that I had a whole forest of such Junipers."

At the convent Serra made friends with three young monks who also wanted to go to the New World. The boys never tired of



FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA.

choir of the little church, he would shut his eyes and dream of the strange wonderful lands of New Spain. When he was sixteen he became a priest and two years later took the final vows promising three things: that he would remain poor; that he would never marry; and that he would be obedient. He changed his name to Junipero, after

talking about it; but Serra was nearly forty years old when they finally got the chance to sail with a band of missionaries bound for Mexico. Their sailboat was nearly wrecked, the crew starved, but after a voyage of ninety-nine days they landed at Vera Cruz. From the tropical forests they traveled through the majestic Sierra Madres.

up to the snow-capped volcanoes that encircl the City of Mexico. Here as a teacher in the college of San Fernando, Serra spent nineteen years. He was fifty-six years old when he at last got the chance to preach to the Indians.

The Governor of Mexico wanted to plant a settlement at San Diego and Monterey. The bay of Monterey had been described by a Spanish explorer who had sailed up the coast one hundred and twenty years

commander ordered him to be carried on a litter. This Serra would not hear of. He went to the mule driver and asked him for some of the ointment he used on the sore backs of his mules.

"But I only doctor animals, your worship," replied the man.

"Then treat me as a sick animal," said Serra. The muleteer did, and Serra improved.

From the gorgeous canyons of Mexico they passed into the dreary



before. The governor divided the expedition into two parts, one to go by land, the other by sea. Besides the soldiers, sailors, carpenters and blacksmiths who went, were sixteen missionaries with Serra at their head. He could not speak for tears when he was notified that he was President of the California Missions. Although suffering from a wounded leg he chose to go with the more difficult land party. The second day out, his limb, aggravated by mosquito bites, became so sore he could not walk. The military

wastes of mesquite bushes in the Yaqui country. Thence they hewed their way through miles of cactus growth, and after crossing the Colorado river they reached the terrible Mojave desert, where they nearly perished of thirst. Their Indian guides deserted them; but when they finally reached the rock that now marks the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and saw their ships lying below in the harbor, they raised their voices in an Easter hymn of rejoicing.

They fired a salute that was answered by the ships. But when they joined their companions on the beach they found that most of the ship's crews had died of scurvy. The Indians, hostile and thievish, stole the clothes off the sick as they lay on the beach in booths built of branches. Father Junipero stayed to nurse the dying—for, though he tortured his own flesh, he was very tender with others—while a party went to hunt the Bay of Monterey. They traveled through the woods eating wild game and shell fish, sometimes feasting on elk, and having exciting adventures with grizzlies. Friendly Indians gave them nuts and acorn bread. But they failed to find Monterey, although they planted a cross on one of its hills. They pushed on and found San Francisco, and then discouraged, traveled back to San Diego. They found more dead, Father Junipero himself sick, and the rest of the colony on the verge of starvation. The Indians had killed a priest and left his mangled body in a ditch.

The military leader decided to abandon the place, although Serra begged him to remain. Unless help came he would leave on the 20th of March. Before noon on that day

a sail was seen on the horizon, then disappeared. Four days later in sailed the great three-decked galleon of Spain, the *San Antonio* with bountiful provisions of all that was needed.

The *San Antonio*, with Father Junipero still feeble, then sailed for Monterey. When they reached a placid body of water the old man stretched forth his hand and said, prophetically:

"This is the Bay of Monterey."

The next fifteen years Serra toiled on, converting Indians, founding ten missions, planting orchards and working in the fields. He traveled on foot and records that he arose very early one morning and reached a neighboring town by 3 a. m. When he went to found the beautiful mission of San Antonio, he seized the church bells, tied them to an oak bough and fell to ringing them with might and main, crying aloud, "Hear, hear O ye Gentiles! Come to the Holy Church! Come to the path of Jesus Christ." His followers remonstrated with him but he said, "I wish that this bell could be heard by all the Gentiles in these mountains," and he rang on till the echoes answered, and one astonished Indian appeared—the first instance



in which a native had been present at the founding of a mission.

Serra had a passion for baptizing infants. When he went to baptize the first Indian baby, the parents, suddenly panic-stricken, ran and snatched it from his arms. The tears ran down the good man's face as he said, "It is some unworthiness on my part that has caused this." He slept on a board. One day, after he had given half a blanket to a squaw it was discovered that he had cut it off his sole coverlet.

Under the fatherly care of the good priests beautiful stone



MISSION SAN CARLOS.

churches were built, crops were planted, and cattle fattened on the hills. The Indians were clothed, fed, and taught to work. The missions became so rich that the soldiers robbed them of their property. Serra though now an aged man, traveled to Mexico City, to lay the state of affairs before the Governor, and ask for help for the missions. The Royal Council of Spain had so much faith in this simple, homely old man that they granted everything he asked for. When he left Mexico City he kissed the feet of the priests, saying he would never

see them again. After he paid a visit to the Mission Dolores at San Francisco he went home to Monterey to die.

He prepared himself very quietly for his long rest. Up to the day before he died he read the service in the church, which took an hour and a half. The evening before, he walked to the church to receive the last sacrament. The building was full of Indians and whites, many crying in inconsolable grief. Father Junipero knelt before the altar while his friend Paulo read the services for the dying. He partook of the last sacrament, and spent the night in prayer. The next day the captain and chaplain of the ship came to visit him. He said, "You have come just in time to cast the earth on my body."

After his guests had departed the old man went to the kitchen for some broth. Then he lay very quietly down on his board bed, and never woke up again. All day the Indians had been expecting the death toll and when the bells rang they came weeping to the church, and begged for scraps of his robe for relics.

Today on the Bay of Monterey are the millionaire Hotel del Monte, the modern town of Pacific Grove, a Chinese fishing village and the old Spanish town of Monterey, whose streets are so crooked that they say a drunken man laid them out. Here stands the Mission San Carlos. Under its ancient floor the bones of the Father of California lie buried. Today a handsome young priest officiates at the service and dark-eyed Senoritas dip their fingers in the holy fount as they pass out.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

is issued on the first of each month. Price, \$1 a year, payable in advance.

Entered at Post Office, Salt Lake City, as second-class matter.

Officers of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

Joseph F. Smith,	- - -	General Supt.
George Reynolds,	- - -	First Asst. General Supt.
David O. McKay,	- - -	Second Asst. General Supt.
George D. Pyper,	- - -	General Secretary
John F. Bennett,	- - -	General Treasurer

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD

GENERAL COMMITTEE

John R. Winder	- - -	Of the First Presidency
Anton H. Lund	- - -	Of the First Presidency
Francis M. Lyman	- - -	Of the Quorum of Apostles
Heber J. Grant	- - -	Of the Quorum of Apostles
Seymour B. Young	- - -	Of the First Council of Seventy
Andrew Kimball	- - -	Pres. of the St. Joseph Stake
John Henry Smith	- - -	Of the Quorum of Apostles

ON LIBRARIES

Levi W. Richards

CHORISTERS AND ORGANISTS

Horace S. Ensign

KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY

Horace H. Cummings	Josiah Burrows
Hugh J. Cannon	William A. Morton
	Charles B. Felt

FIRST INTERMEDIATE

George M. Cannon	Thomas B. Evans
	William D. Owen

SECOND INTERMEDIATE

Henry Peterson	James W. Ure
	Harold G. Reynolds

THEOLOGICAL

James E. Talmage	John M. Mills
	George H. Wallace

PARENTS' CLASS

Joseph W. Summerhays	Henry H. Rolapp
	Stephen L. Richards

T. Albert Hooper,	-	Business Manager
-------------------	---	------------------

SALT LAKE CITY, - JANUARY, 1909

Happy New Year.

Someone has said that every year is a new beginning. With every new year we determine to try again. With every new year we look over the past and try to recognize its failures, that we may in the year before us do better than we did in the year that is past. And with every new year we take hold with fonder hope and greater courage, looking forward with hopeful determination—not forgetting the lessons of the past—but neither brood-

ing over its errors. The past is lighted by labors achieved and lessons learned; the future is lighted by courageous hope. A Happy New Year!

But if every year is a new beginning, it must present, too, a new end in view? And what is the goal we have in view for the present new year? It may safely be said that the degree of happiness attained during the present new year will depend very largely upon the goal we aim at and the spirit and courage with which we press on toward that goal. The aim must be high—it must be higher for the successes of the past—it must be higher for the failures of the past. And the aim must be kept in view always. It will be hard to attain. There will be obstacles, of course. We shall have to labor and toil to overcome and subdue them. That is what life means. But think of the joy at the end. If we have met, and have overcome, and have smiled, and have not troubled our neighbors too much with our own difficulties then we have learned a part of the philosophy of life, says someone. Then we have learned the pleasure of conquest, and the joy of living. This year, then, aim high. Study the past to learn its lessons. Do not brood. Look hopefully forward. Take hold with a buoyant spirit and unconquerable courage. Overcome. Subdue. Smile. Complain not. Criticize not. Pray. A happy and prosperous New Year!

Remember the Sabbath Day.

On August 7, 1831, the Prophet Joseph Smith received in revelation

the following instructions: "And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer upthy sacraments upon my holy day; for verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High; nevertheless thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness on all days and at all times; but remember that on this the Lord's day, thou shalt offer up thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High, confessing thy sins unto the brethren, and before the Lord. And on this day thou shalt do none other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart, that thy fasting may be perfect, or, in other words, that thy joy may be full."

Evidently these instructions have been very largely forgotten by the Latter-day Saints today. The revelation provides that one kind of thing only shall be done on the Sabbath day: the Saints should go to the house of prayer and offer up their sacraments upon the Lord's Holy Day. Instead of this simple observance of the Sabbath, however, there may be observed today almost every kind of desecration of it. The Sabbath seems to be no longer a holy day. On it is transacted all the business of any other day. On it men build houses and repair streets; they mine the earth for precious metals and they refine the ore; they frequent theaters and encourage ball games and races; they open the doors of saloons and throw down the bars of license; in short, on the Sabbath day, men are coming to let loose the demon of vice and iniquity kept more or less under control during the laborful days of the week. On the Sabbath men rest from those la-

bors not at all; to the house of prayer they go never at all.

To Latter-day Saints it is needless, of course, to say that such violation of the Sabbath law is unholy. Yet, even among Latter-day Saints the Sabbath is not observed as it should be. There are many Latter-day Saints who do not remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. We would call to their attention the revelation from which we have quoted, and repeat that one kind of thing only should be done on the Sabbath day: the Saints should go to the house of prayer and offer up their sacraments on the Lord's holy day.

In another revelation given November, 1831, the Lord said, "And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion or in any of her Stakes which are organized that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents."

Here is a suitable occupation for the Sabbath. Here is a way in which to keep the Sabbath holy. It is in line with the kind of thing that should be done on the Sabbath. The day should be used—or at least a part of it should be used—by fathers and mothers to teach their children the principles of the gospel—the principles of morality and correct living—the hope of eternal life in the world to come. In every home there should be a Sabbath home circle for reading, study and prayer. On the Sabbath day above all other days, the children should be at home and partake of its influence. Its influence should be for good. Parents should be Sabbath keepers.

During the coming year may we

not have as one aim of our year's endeavor, the keeping of the Sabbath day holy? Surely, if we strive for a better keeping of the Sabbath day, the Lord will bless us, and prosper us, and give us a happy New Year.

Two in One.

In the month of December occurred the two most important birthday celebrations in all the year for Latter-day Saints. Nineteen hundred and eight years ago—on the twenty-fifth of December it is commonly said—the Savior of the world, the Only Begotten Son of the Father, was born in Bethlehem of Judea. And one hundred and three years ago, on the twenty-third of December, the Prophet of the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times, the anointed representative of Christ, was born in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont. The Master and his Prophet!

In the minds of Latter-day Saints, the Master and the Prophet cannot be separated. Jesus came to earth to redeem mankind, and to establish his Church among men. But in the economy of God, that first coming of the Savior looked but forward to the last dispensation, when all things should be gathered in one, and when he should come again. So, when Joseph is called to re-establish the Church of Christ, and to open the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times, he looks but back to the meridian of time, when the Lord dwelt among men, and prepares for the day when he shall come again.

Certainly these were two of the great and noble ones. They were chosen before the foundation of the world. And as they were both chosen before the world began, so their lives upon earth have had

much in common. Their missions were much alike; their sufferings were much alike; and in the end, each endured death to accomplish the full purpose of his mission. All the world loves Jesus Christ. He died for them. So all the world will soon love Joseph Smith. He, too, died for them.

Teach Honesty.

Latter-day Saints should use all possible vigilance both in advice and example to rear their children in honesty. This is an age of swindling, of graft, and of struggling for riches. Latter-day Saints should therefore impress upon the minds of their children the necessity of being faithful, honest and self-sacrificing. Children should be taught from the very first to keep their promises—never to make any covenant or agreement that they do not intend to fulfill. A leading question with the Captains of Industry today is this: "Where can we find men who are so honest that we can with perfect safety intrust our money and our business affairs into their hands?" Already men of wealth have made note of the uncommon self-denial and integrity of purpose by which Mormon missionaries are governed in preaching the gospel to the nations of the earth. They have made note, too, of the uncommonly high standard of honesty and integrity required by the Gospel taught by Latter-day Saints. Everywhere today, men of sound "Mormon" principles are respected and trusted for their integrity. It should be the aim further to increase the demand for "Mormon" integrity. In every home children should be taught the principles of honesty. Honesty is in every way the best policy.—*J. T.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

Organization and Functions of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

By Assistant Superintendent David O. McKay.

After the Savior had washed His disciples' feet, on the last night before the crucifixion, He said unto them: "As ye have seen me do, do ye also unto one another." He exemplified there the great lesson of service, the key-note, or rather the life principle, in the Church of Christ. He exemplified it perfectly in His life, giving his all for the good of humanity.

The same principle is emphasized by Browning in his poem Paracelsus. He expresses it in this way: "There is an answer to the passionate longings of the heart for fullness, and I knew it." The answer is this: "Live in all things outside yourself, by love, and you will have joy. That is the life of God. It ought to be our life. In Him it is accomplished and perfected. But in all created things it is a lesson learned slowly, against difficulty."

The same thought is expressed by another poet:

"Love thy self last; look near,
Behold thy duty to those who walk be-
side thee

Down life's road; make glad their days.
They may accept duty, and help thee bear
The burden of life's load.

Love thyself last. Look forth and find
The stranger who staggers 'neath his
sorrow and his despair.

Go hand in hand and lead him out of
there

To heights where he may see the way is
fair."

I mention this principle because

it contains, in one way, the purpose of the organization of the Sabbath School.

In dealing with the subject assigned me by the committee, I must mention and deal with organization as such. We often hear it said by men who look at organizations and forms as ends in themselves, that there is too much organization, there is too much form. But let it be understood that all the organization is but a means; and that means, *service* to one another. In this light, then, that church which will furnish the best means of service to humanity is the best church for man to be in. It is the Church of Christ. The organization of this Church is complete; it is divine. We cannot say anything tonight about the organization of the priesthood, so complete in itself that every man in the Church has an opportunity to serve in an organized way those among whom he lives—not haphazard service, but a systematic service. Along with the priesthood, are organizations called auxiliary. The Sunday School is one. To that organization our attention is now directed.

In Scotland, a short distance from Glasgow, there are three lakes made famous by Sir Walter Scott in his "Lady of the Lake." They are Loch Katrine, Loch Acray and Loch Vennacher. These three beautiful lakes are connected by small streams flowing from lake to lake. The water is pure, the lakes are beautiful to behold. They are always being supplied by fresh water. Each empties its purity into the next, and so on till the water passes

through the last lake named. Near this lake the Glasgow waterworks are found, and the water is taken from Loch Katrine to the city of Glasgow, where 900,000 thirsty people are supplied with the best, purest water in the world. In our church the Sunday School organization may be compared to these lakes. The General Board of the Sunday School Union, may be said to come first. Next the Stake Board, an organization in the stake: and, third, the local board, an organization in the ward. These three boards are connected with each other, in many ways, as we shall see later on, and from these sources the living water is carried to 250,000 thirsty souls. If that water be continually changed these 250,000 children receive pure, living water. If, however, that water be permitted to become stagnant to "cream and mantle," then the children are to seek satisfaction to their thirst from some other source.

The General Board consists tonight of twenty-nine members, divided into groups as follows: Five form the general officers; seven constitute a general committee whose duty it is to look over the reports, and to make such mention to the General Board of the important details as come from the various stakes; five are in the Kindergarten and Primary; three, in the First Intermediate; three in the Second; three in the Theological; and three in the Parents' Class. One is at the head of the library and one at the head of the singing. Two others assist in the library and in the committee work.

Each stake, also, is organized in the same way, with a superintendency, general officers and members representing each department. It is their duty to make special effort

to become specialists in their respective departments.

In the local board is found the same organization—the superintendency general officers, then the teachers, representing the departments named, and giving to the 250,000 children, or the percentage in that ward, the water of life. Freely they have received, and freely should they give. The functions of each will lead us into intricacies which time will not permit us to explain. The *functions*, then, must be passed over hurriedly, and only in a general way.

It is the duty of the general board to represent the First Presidency and general authorities of the Church in Sunday School matters. These men have been called to devote their time as it shall be required of them by those in authority to look after the Sunday School affairs in all the world. And in that capacity they represent the highest authority on the earth, viz., the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ. Their decisions, then, must be final in Sunday School matters; the only appeal being to the Presidency of the Church. It is also their duty to visit the stakes, to organize and set in order stake boards and often local schools, where they are of great assistance to the stake organizations, to supply literature, blanks, to collect statistics, above all to inspire the stake superintendencies and boards with the spirit of the gospel as far as it can be used and should be exercised in the development of the Sunday School organizations.

It is the duty of the stake board to represent, in Sunday School matters, the presidency of the stake. When Board members go out to visit schools they go out as the representatives of the stake presidency.

It is of importance, then, that these stake boards should be in close touch with the presidency of the stake and high councils, that they will be sure (I mean the stake boards) not to misrepresent the stake authority. Not enough emphasis is given to this point. Members of stake boards seldom if ever call in, or rather ask permission to meet with, the stake presidencies and high councils. They seldom if ever receive definite instructions relating to their stake board work. Consequently, when they go out they go out more as individuals than as representatives of the stake authority. From that condition, then, arise difficulties, and sometimes humiliating experiences; all of which may be avoided if we but keep in mind the functions of the stake board to represent in Sunday School affairs, the presidency of the stake. When they visit a school, then, in that capacity, they should be received with that honor with that respect which is due a representative of the stake presidency. Sunday School superintendents will recognize in them men of authority, who come with a message, to deliver to the local board. They come with a purpose, they come with a lesson, they come with the Spirit of God within them, and superintendents hail their entrance into a Sunday School, it may be, with thanksgiving, and not with doubt, not with hesitancy, not with a hidden wish unexpressed but existing just the same, that those stake board members would not come. O, that condition must not exist in the Sunday School organization. It cannot, and the Sunday School be a success.

It is the duty of the stake board, further, to see that the schools are fully organized. In this capacity, Bishops should consult the superin-

tendency of the stake whenever a school is to be reorganized. Sometimes the superintendent is released, in a local board, and the Bishopric supplies that vacancy without sending any word to the stake superintendency, without even asking their opinion, without even notifying them later that a change has taken place. This should not be. The Bishop has that right, it is true. He presides over his ward, and all organizations in it. But the stake board is given a particular duty by the stake presidency, and one duty is to keep all schools perfectly organized, fully organized, that the work of the Sunday School may continue without interruption. How can a stake superintendent represent or report intelligently to his superior officers when he has not been notified, not consulted, when he has been entirely ignored, in the reorganization of the local school? It takes but little time, and not much effort, for the Bishop of a ward and the stake superintendency to keep in touch in all these things. Then, again, the stake superintendent must deal with that local superintendent in all Sunday School matters and it may be that the stake superintendent could give some wise suggestions in the choice of those who should preside over the local school, because he and his board should be specialists in Sunday School matters, and they should have the spirit of discernment when they are choosing men who are capable of carrying on that movement.

As the stake board represents the presidency of the stake, so the local board represents the Bishopric of the ward. The Bishop presides over all organizations in the ward, but he cannot attend to the details of it; so he calls a superintendent, gives him two assistants, a secre-

tary, a treasurer, a librarian a chorister an organist and twenty or thirty teachers, who are divided among the classes in the school. The Bishopric then says to that army of workers, We hold you responsible for the success of this part of our ward; we will help you; we will be present whenever circumstances permit; but upon you the responsibility rests to make a success of this school. This superintendent, in turn, says to one of his assistants, You must take care of that class work, and attend to all the details in that department or line of this school; I must hold you responsible now for the preparation of these teachers, and to see that no class on any Sunday School morning is left to starve, or rather, to thirst, (if we hold to our figure), because of not being supplied by a teacher who can give what the soul earnestly craves. He says to the other assistant superintendent I must hold you responsible for the records, to see that the secretary keeps his records properly; that the organist chooses suitable music, and not light, fantastic selections, as devotional hymns during the passing of the sacrament. I hold you responsible for the marching, that these little children may learn that there should be order in marching, in studying, and in all things when they are in the house of God. Other duties he will throw upon that assistant superintendent. Then these two helps, assistants, under the direction of the superintendent, who always presides, will divide the responsibilities among these workers. To the man at the head of the theological department for example, will be given the responsibility of the success of that department. The head teacher will arrange meetings,

and introduce or adopt effective means of preparation, etc.

This brings us now to the third heading, the means to be employed throughout these three organizations to accomplish the purposes which God intends men and women in this work to accomplish. Let us start with the *local board* first.

Every well-organized local board holds a weekly board meeting. In some wards, it is not held; because, perhaps, some persons in that school fail to realize that they have taken upon themselves the responsibility to serve in that ward. If they can prepare at home without consulting their fellow associates, and can receive the approval of their head teachers, of the superintendent of the school, and of the Bishop of the ward, and of the stake board, and of the general board then they may feel justified in becoming a law unto themselves—may live for self, live within self. If they do they are not carrying out the great aim of the Sunday School cause, and cannot teach the children the vital element in Christ, the vital element in the Gospel, which is to lose self for the good of others. Let those children feel that the highest attainment in life is to serve another, to make happy some one who is down-hearted, to make others blessed, rather than to bless self. But there are some boards, some superintendents, who have met the condition of lack of interest in this way, and I commend it: Only this morning, when coming down to conference, I met a Bishop of a ward of one of the stakes of Idaho. In ordinary conversation he gave this illustration, and I give it here: We hold our weekly preparation meeting. When we started it a few months ago, only the superintendent and his assistants came; but

they held their meeting, dismissed and met the next week. They felt that they would work. Next week there were five or six others present. They held the meeting promptly, went through the business they had, and dismissed. Today we have a good attendance at that weekly preparation meeting." I commend that superintendent. He set an example worthy of imitation. He was a leader, and such a superintendent should be. The weekly meeting is a means in the hands of the officers and teachers of accomplishing all the purposes in the local Sunday School.

Another means is the Union meeting; and here we find difficulty. It is a means for the local board in this way, that they are asked to meet the general officers in their various departments in the stake. They go there to receive instruction. They go for the purpose of giving instruction, as well, to other workers. That answers the complaint that some officers and teachers feel when they say: "No use of my going to Union meeting; I get nothing." Then go and give something. Remember the part of the Sunday School organization is to serve, is to give, is to be a benefit; and if you possess great light in Sunday School matters, then do not keep it to yourself. Go to the Union meeting and give it to some member who is struggling in darkness week after week, feeling downcast because he is not accomplishing that which he has in his heart to do.

The stake board has a weekly meeting also as a means to accomplish its purposes, the desired end. But no, say some, we have a monthly meeting. All right, if you feel that the monthly meeting is all that you need, if that accomplishes your end. If such is the condition, that is

the means you have. But O when you think of the responsibility upon you, school boards, with thousands of children under your direction, you surely must be impressed with the importance of thinking of plans, of schemes to reach those boys who roam the streets, who are forming appetites for the cigarette, who do not feel interested in the Sunday School work. It is necessary to meet, to advise, and to devise means to bring them into the gospel work and under the influence of the Sabbath School, because the General Board asks you to meet, to meet for a purpose, that you may serve these young men and women and assist the local boards.

The Union meeting is a means in this: that we receive from the local teachers and officers particularly the difficulties, which you need to understand in order to apply or to offer remedies. It is also a means of giving out to local boards instructions which have come from the general board.

The general board, next, has as a means of carrying on its work, a weekly meeting, presided over by the general superintendent each department meeting at 4 o'clock to consider business peculiar or adapted to the particular department over which they preside. Frequently the committees find from 4 or about 4:30 too short, and they meet at other hours; but they have that time appointed; and the head of the department is supposed to meet his assistants and there talk over any letter received, any condition that needs improving, while the other boards, or members, are considering reports and so on. They have also as a means the stake board meeting which they visit frequently; also the Union meeting, and special distinct functions.

As a general means to reach all Sunday School workers, not indirectly through the stake boards, but directly, we have the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, your magazine. It is to the Sunday School organization what the blood is to the body; it percolates through, carries life and vim, if we will take advantage of it and receive the nourishment which is offered in that way. It is desired, therefore, that every Sunday School worker, officer and teacher, supply himself with this periodical, as a means, I repeat, of the general superintendency and the board to reach the local Sunday School workers.

Financially the great Sunday School movements is carried on by what is known as the nickel donation, the nickel contribution, and here let it be said that this is but once a year; and to local superintendents and stake boards it is suggested that nickel Sundays be not appointed on other dates. This is an institution for the use of the general Sunday School organization. Part of the fund is used by the stake board, part of it by the general board to furnish traveling expenses, and to supply literature, in answer to such letters as this:

"President of the —conference asks us to furnish literature, such as leaflets and other details for Sunday School work. We should appreciate it if you would kindly send them literature that would be suitable for a beginning Sunday School," and so on.

The General Board, through its various committees, furnishes literature to these missionary schools throughout the world, many of which are succeeding admirably, sending in reports of conversions, and of success in many lines of Sunday School work.

I pray that the Lord will bless us, every Sunday School member, from the general board down to the child, with the spirit of service to humanity, service to one another, that we may use, for the purposes designed and for which it is so well adapted, this organization, because it is God's organization, patterned after the organization of the priesthood; and, doing so, remember that it is to serve. "As ye have seen me do, do ye also to one another." God help us to this end, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Evils of Speculative Theology.

By Elder James E. Talmage.

The General Board has deemed it proper that a few remarks be made upon the subject announced, being of opinion, doubtless, that there is need for something to be said regarding speculation and unfounded theorizing in connection with our study of theology; and I believe, if we may judge from the questions that come to us, from the letters that are received and the theological conundrums that are submitted therein, we cannot doubt but that there is a tendency towards speculation in some of our Sunday School classes and amongst the people generally in connection with the study of the principles of the Gospel.

By derivation of the term, theology is understood to mean the science that teaches us of God; and, as construed and applied by us, it has particularly to do with the dealings of the Lord with His people, and with revealed truth. Theology is of service to us only as it forms the basis of true religion; and religion that is founded upon theory and hypothesis is of little worth. Re-

ligion is a thing of the heart, and the heart is to be cultivated in truth and developed in purity. The subject of theology is altogether too sacred a one to be made the matter of debate for practice or otherwise; and while the liberty of individual opinion is granted without question, the putting forward of one's opinion as an established fact is altogether and always wrong. We recognize as one of the characteristic features of our Church the element of advancement, the principle of progression. We claim that our Church has within it the elements of life, that it is of necessity a living, growing organization; therefore, it may be argued that we can make no progression without investigation, and that investigation implies theory and, to a certain degree, speculation. I grant you this, but remember that theory, after all is but the scaffolding the temporary support upon which the builder, who has to do and deal with the blocks of truth, is standing while he places each in its position and builds up the structure of beauty and of service. The difficulty and danger attending our speculative tendencies lies in that we so often confound our opinions with our facts; and then we set forth as an established truth what is merely the product of our imagination. Some of us are afraid ever to be caught saying, or even thinking, "I don't know." Some of us are too proud to acknowledge that we do not know. Now, my brethren, there are some things we do know, for the Lord has declared them unto us; but we do not yet know all and we should not be afraid to make it plain that there are some things not yet known to man.

Recently my attention was called to an instance of discussion founded

on speculation and wholly dependent on individual opinion. Permit me to cite the incident as an illustration. The question was as to whether Judas, who betrayed Christ, was present on the occasion when the sacrament was instituted immediately before the arrest of Jesus. It will be remembered that on the evening of the last supper of Jesus with His apostles, the ordinance known to us as the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was instituted. From the record given by the several evangelists some readers infer that Judas Iscariot was not a partaker of the Sacrament; but that he left the room before that part of the solemn proceedings was reached. Other readers believe differently and hold that Judas was present with the other apostles. In the instance to which I refer a debate was started upon this question. Speculation ran high, one contestant holding that it was natural that Judas would not be there and that he would not have been permitted to participate in that sacred ordinance; the other contending with equal vigor that Judas must have been present inasmuch as it was necessary that he should make full the measure of his iniquity.

Now I submit the question: What profit can possibly come from such a contention? My answer to the question is this: We are not told whether Judas was or was not a participant in the first sacramental administration; and while each of us may have his opinion, until added information is given us by revelation the fact cannot be definitely known. And yet the teachers in the Sunday Schools ought to be so well acquainted with the scriptures they profess to teach that they are able to declare whether this is known or is not known.

Another instance I may be permitted to refer to to illustrate my point. In one of the accounts given us as to the method and manner by which the Book of Mormon was translated, we read that the translator looked through the urim and thummim at the characters that were to be translated. A second account tells us that he looked into the urim and thummim. And a third account tells us that he looked upon the urim and thummim. Now, to my knowledge, men have been led to apostasy just through that difference in the preposition. They do not know whether it is correct to say that the translator looked through those sacred instruments, into them, or upon them. Well, what are the facts in the matter? Incidentally let me say that a booklet has been written and published founded upon that discrepancy. What are the facts? We have not received any detailed account of the way and manner by which the translation was effected, and the very men who have given us the stories tell us that they were on the other side of a curtain when the work was going on. To me the essential point is that we do not know, we have not been told.

I recognize the hand of the Lord in withholding some things, as in giving others. But the teacher should know whether we have received information upon these particular points or not, and if not, be prepared so to state, and not indulge in speculation and unfounded imagination to fill out the sacred word of God. The Lord has given us what in His judgment and in His wisdom, was best for us, and we are treading on dangerous ground when we undertake to put words into His mouth or extend that which He has declared. Speculation leads to con-

tention! contention leads to bitterness, and that means that the Spirit of God departs from us. If you want to indulge your own opinions and your own thoughts then let me admonish you to seek the guidance of the Lord in such indulgence; but do not set forth those individual opinions of yours as the doctrines of the Church, if they have not been so admitted, because you are not acting honorably in so doing, in the first place even from the standpoint of worldly judgment; and furthermore you are acting contrary to the spirit of the revealed word.

I feel, my brethren, that we have had some things given unto us with authority and with definiteness. So particular are we as a people in regard to the distinction that has to be drawn between the revealed word accepted by us as our guide in faith and doctrine and the individual opinions of the expositors of that word, that we have adopted here by vote, certain works which are known as the standard works of the Church. They do not contain all the good things that have been said and written regarding the word of God; not all the great truths are there included. Others will be incorporated yet. But we do not recognize as standard and binding upon us as a people any works published by this Church or published elsewhere other than the four standard works that have been adopted by the vote of the Church.

The reason, I think, that so many teachers are prone to speculate, rather than to study, is that they are negligent in their habits of thought; they are not good students, and they are not acquainted yet with the subjects they undertake to teach and with the scriptures they profess to expound. The remedy for speculation in this sacred field of theol-

ogy is, more earnest study, more devoted attention to the subject matter and to the spirit by which it may be successfully studied and properly taught.

Men are always willing to fight more vigorously for their opinions than to defend declared truths. I do not know why it is so, but I believe that to be a demonstrated fact. Perhaps we think that there are plenty of others who will look after the truth, but that if we do not stand up for our individual opinions nobody will. You will find plenty willing to defend your opinions if they are worth defending; and if they are not worth defending, the less said about them the better. I commend to you the earnest, plodding, genuine study of the principles of the Gospel, of the theology of the Church such as you would give to the pursuit of any other science or to the study of any other science that you may undertake; and keep your speculation entirely distinct from the facts that you have received and that you know to be true. Acquaint yourselves with the scriptures my brethren and sisters, you teachers in the Sunday Schools, and be prepared to set forth the facts that are given by revelation and to draw such lessons from them as you can.

The remarks that I make in this particular are not applicable to the theological department, only, but to the teachers in all departments. Even in the primary and kindergarten departments, harm may be done, injury has been done and is being done, by the indulgence of the imagination in matters sacred. May I tell you of an instance in my mind? I attended a Sunday School class in the primary department. I am glad to say several years ago, not very recently. But I witnessed this transgression of propriety: A

teacher standing before her class, with a map of North America, professed to point out the precise position of the City of Enoch, and to define its dimensions. After the school I said to the teacher, "When did you receive the revelation giving such information as that, and why did it not come through the proper channels? It is news to me; I have never heard that we have received such information." Think of the harm done in presenting that as a fact, as an alleged truth, to the children of the receptive age characteristic of that department.

My fellow teachers, let us be careful. We are incurring grave responsibility, when we undertake to add to that which the Lord has given. Draw from it all you can. There is plenty to be drawn, plenty of truth to be gained by the study of the word of the Lord without attempting to add to that word, which, indeed, we are not authorized to do.

May we find pleasure, happiness, profit, and, at the end, the approval of our Father in heaven in the study of His revealed word and in the teaching of it to those with whom we labor is my humble prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Modern Black Board Work.

At the state normal school in Salem, in the art room, situated in the upper story of the building, a class of normal students was hard at work sketching upon the black-board.

The art instructor, C. F. Whitney, permitted the writer to sit and watch.

The lesson for the day was upon birds. The first line that was drawn suggested the pose or position of a bird. Three or four strokes with the side of the chalk completed the formation, and the bird appeared

singing, lighting upon a branch, or picking up a worm, as the case might be, and a few added touches of light or dark finished the sketch.

The aim of all this was to teach the normal class how to work very quickly and effectively. The drawings were not intended for decorative purposes, but were to be used as illustrations of some lesson given to a class of children to more vividly impress it upon their minds.

Memory went back to childhood and the old-time schoolroom with its rude seats and desks and grimy blackboards, covered with occasional labored drawings illustrative of teacher's or pupil's art. These stood year in and year out as monuments of skill, to be admired by visitors, and were retouched when treasured lines were brushed or erased by careless pupils. Quotations, problems and assigned lessons were sometimes added, while around the border was an ivy leaf or scroll design, handed down from class to class and never changed.

The twentieth century blackboard work was therefore a revelation. The idea of a pictured representation of a lesson was interesting. Permission was asked to visit other rooms in the building to see the sketches put into use.

The next room entered was the kindergarten. At the desks sat bright, eager children, absorbed in block building. On the blackboard at one side Mr. Whitney had sketched a castle, the work occupying only a few minutes. This was used by the teacher for illustrative purposes, and while telling stories of castles and fortresses the children built with their little blocks miniature likenesses of the same. There had been drawn also on the blackboards in this room wild flow-

ers perfect in form and coloring, twigs and bushes. May day was pictured and a sailor pacing the sea-shore.

The children become so fascinated that it is a punishment to be kept away from the school for a day.

Indian life was illustrated in the first grade room by a background sketched by the teacher on the blackboard. This represented a forest scene, a red man in the distance paddling his birch-bark canoe down the river. From the branches of a nearby tree was hung an Indian rug.

The children enter into the spirit of the lesson and act out the story.

A little boy is chosen to be dressed like an Indian, the costumes being made by both teacher and scholars. It is usually burlap decorated with colored chalk or water colors. The headdress consists of a band of leather into which a row of turkey feathers is stuck so that they stand erect. The little Indian boy seats himself in front of the picture and is surrounded by rolls of birch bark and raffia, from which he makes his Indian baskets.

Little Red Riding Hood, always a favorite with the children, was depicted with a forest background drawn in about five minutes previous to the reading lesson. The trees were created in a very bold and realistic manner with the side of the chalk. The board itself was barely covered in several places, and all of the drawings seemed simple and direct in character. Little Red Riding Hood, picturesque in her red hood, carrying on her arm a basket of goodies, was very realistic as she came out of the forest on her way to visit her grandmother.

The children in this grade are from 5 to 6 years old, just the right

age to enter into the spirit of the lessons which are pictured on the blackboard.

Second Intermediate Department.

REVIEW.

We are now nearing the end of this year's work. Reviews are in order for those who are up with the plan, and have a little time to spare. Both teachers and pupils may be benefited by looking back over the year's lessons. Teachers, by this means, will be able to see the merits and the defects of the work they have done, and thus improve their work in the future. Pupils can be given by, means of final reviews a comprehensive grasp of the entire subject which the single lessons could not give.

To produce the best results along the lines suggested final reviews should not enter extensively into details. The subject matter of the year has been too great in amount for that. Those points of most fundamental importance should be recalled and associated in the pupil's minds. In addition it may be well to permit the pupils to clothe the skeleton thus made with the points that have been most interesting to them.

Another important result may be

realized by following the suggestion just made. In reciting the different lessons of the course, the appropriate religious feelings of the pupils' souls have been roused. That is what has made the lessons enjoyable to them. These feelings should be revived and if possible intensified by means of the review. This will tend to deepen the interest of the pupils and perhaps lead them to a further private study of the subject. It will enable wide-awake teachers to discover the parts of the course and the nature of the topics that most appeal to youth, thus strengthening him for his future teaching and give him additional power to develop the religious feelings of his pupils.

A Gratifying Letter.

It is with pleasure that we present to the readers of the JUVENILE a picture of the Los Angeles Sunday School of the California mission, taken recently at an outing in East Lake Park. The picture evidences to a degree the interest manifest in Sunday School work in the land of sunshine and flowers. Our school has at present a membership of about one hundred twenty-five, with a complete organization of officers and teachers, all earnest in an ef-



THE LOS ANGELES SUNDAY SCHOOL.

fort to bring the Los Angeles Sunday School to a high standard of efficiency.

Outlines provided by the General Board are being followed in each department with excellent results, and we feel that our Sunday School is doing much to further the spread of the Gospel truths. Our parents' class, organized this year, is doing excellent work, the interest manifested on the part of members being very gratifying. As a member of the General Board, who recently visited our school, remarked, "this class would do justice and credit to any school in the organized stakes of Zion." Our first regular annual Sunday School conference is now under way, and promises to be an added stimulus to renewed effort on the part of all interested in the Sunday School work.

Being so far removed from the influence and support of the General Sunday School authorities, we fully appreciate the many helpful suggestions presented in the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. It is always welcomed in our midst, and its suggestions followed wherever practicable.

Ever praying for the support of those at the helm of the great Sunday School work, I am,

Your co-worker,

JOSEPH R. SQUIRES,
Superintendent.

Notes.

A new supply of Sunday School class rolls has just been printed. The General Board has adopted the larger size, which was used about two years ago. These have rolls, etc., complete for four years, unless, of course the class is exceptionally large. The books sell for twenty-five cents each. We have no more

of the fifteen cent rolls and there will be no more of them printed. In the future you will please keep this in mind when ordering class rolls for your School. The rolls for the Parents' Department are also twenty-five cents each while the officers and teachers' rolls are only fifteen cents. If these figures are kept in mind by those who do the ordering for the Sunday Schools a great many delays will be avoided in filling orders.

We are very pleased to call the attention of our subscribers to the fact that this number of the JUVENILE has been increased four pages. There are four pages more of reading matter than there have been during the past year. If our co-workers in the Sunday School cause will rally round and support the JUVENILE as they should it will be increased another four pages in the middle of the year. With this increase we have fulfilled our promise made a year ago. It has been made possible only by the support which we have received. The number of subscriptions we received, however, were not enough to pay for a larger increase. We hope to be able to make the additional increase mentioned in July.



Elder George H. Wallace, whose picture we present herewith, began his Sunday School career as soon as he was old enough to attend the school. He has labored as a teacher in the Sunday Schools of the

Seventh, Fifteenth, and Twenty-first wards, and served also as assistant superintendent and superin-

tendent of the Twenty-first ward Sunday School. On April 1, 1904, he was appointed stake superintendent of the Sunday Schools of the Ensign stake, and served in that position until Aug. 9, 1908. He was made a member of the General Sunday School Union Board July 28, 1908, and in that position his friends wish him Godspeed.

The Third Ward Sunday School of Brigham City sent us on Dec. 14th, seventy paid-up subscriptions to Vol. 44 of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*. We were informed that this is a little over two hundred percent of their school and that they are not through yet, but expect to give us at least one hundred subscriptions. The superintendency of this school are to be commended for their efforts in behalf of our magazine and we congratulate them on the showing made by their school. If every school in the Church would do this we could make the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* the best children's magazine in the country. Will you not help us? The Brigham Third Ward Sunday School sent in more subscriptions to the *JUVENILE* last year than any other Ward in the Church.

At a recent meeting of the General Board it was decided that the Ward Conference programs for 1909 should be prepared by the Stake superintendencies and boards, the General Board reserving the right of asking for any special songs that might be thought appropriate, and suggesting the method of presenting Sunday School officers. The stake superintendencies are urged to take the matter up at once and to forward to the General Board a copy of the programs prepared by them.

The Ensign stake will, after the 1st of January, discontinue the holding of Union meetings on the second Sunday afternoon of each month, and will thereafter meet on the first three Wednesdays in the month, in the evening, leaving the fourth Wednesday for Board work and local board meetings. The change has been approved by the General Board and the Stake allowed to try the experiment.

Special Normal Classes will be established at the Brigham Young University at Provo next fall and the General Board has decided to ask the Stake superintendents to send at least one suitable lady teacher to take the year's course. Superintendencies should be thinking about this matter and get in correspondence with the General Board as to the conditions and requirements.

Many letters are received by the General Board asking what outlines will be used for 1909. The primary and kindergarten classes should take the first year's course. The first and second intermediate departments and the theological department should take up the first and third years' work. Where schools have only one class in each department the first year's work should be followed. It is also recommended that parents' classes continue with their present outlines and work for a few months until the new book is ready for use.

The General Board has changed the designation of ages of children in the various departments to read as follows: Kindergarten, 4, 5 and 6; primary, 7 and 8; first intermediate, 9, 10, 11 and 12; second intermediate, 13, 14, 15 and 16; theological, 17, 18, 19 and 20.

Pleasantries.

HER GARDEN DRESS.

Adam: "What are you crying for?"

Eve: "A caterpillar has gone and eaten my new dress.—*The Circle*.

ONE WOMAN'S WISDOM.

Her Husband: "My dear, how did you happen to employ such a pretty nurse girl?"

His wife: "I didn't happen to do it. I did it because I wanted the children to have police protection when they are in the park or on the street."—*Chicago News*.

GOING SOME.

Pat had just been reading about the circus that was to come. Mike requested information on the subject and Pat told him. "Faith," said he, "there is wan fellow who beats all the rest. He balances a ladder on his nose, climbs up to the top round, and then pulls the ladder up after him."—*Harper's*.

IT ALL DEPENDS.

John and Pat were two friendly workmen who were constantly tilting, each one trying to outwit the other.

"Are you good at measurement?" asked John.

"I am that," said Pat, quickly.

"Then, could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?" asked John.

"Sure," said Pat, "that depends on whose yard you got into."—*Tit-Bits*.

WISHED HIS MILKMAN KEPT A COW.

A lot of poor children were at Rockefeller's stock farm, near Cleveland. He gave each of them some milk to drink, the product of a \$2,000 prize cow.

"How do you like it?" he asked, when they had finished.

"Gee, it's fine!" responded one little fellow, who added, after a thoughtful pause, "I wisht our milkman kept a cow."—*Sis Hopkins*.

GOT THE WRONG DOOR.

They were newly married, and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a sky-

scraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed, and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, and a little awed by the number of doors that looked alike. But she was sure of her own, and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey, let me in," she whispered.

No answer.

"Honey, honey, let me in!" she called again, rapping louder. Still no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Alice. Let me in," she whispered.

There was a silence and still no answer. After several seconds a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door.

"Madame, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."

A SECOND LOOK NECESSARY.

A Southern lady who had been frequently annoyed by her dark cook's having company in the kitchen, remonstrated with the girl, telling her that she must entertain her friends in her own quarters after working hours.

One evening soon after this the lady left the girl arranging the dinner-table and went to the kitchen for something. A great, hulking dorky was sitting in the kitchen rocker. Indignant, the lady hurried back to the dining-room.

"Cindy," she demanded, "what have I told you about having your beaux in the kitchen?"

"Laws, miss, he ain't no beau! Why, he's nuffin but my brudder."

Somewhat mollified, the lady went back to the kitchen.

"So you are Cindy's brother?" she said, kindly.

"Law bless yo', no, miss," he answered. "I ain't no 'lation 'tall to her. I's jes' keepin' comp'ny wif her."

The lady, angry through and through, sought out Cindy again.

"Cindy," she asked sternly, "why did you tell me that that man was your brother? He says he is no relation to you."

Cindy looked aghast.

"Fo' de Land's sake, miss, did he say dat? Jes' yo' stay here a minute an' lemme go look ag'in!"—*Everybody's*.

X-RAY CANNOT EXPLODE



Trade-Mark

Is guaranteed to go twice as far as paste or liquid polishes. X-RAY is most easily applied, gives a quick, brilliant lustre, and

DOES NOT BURN OFF.

X-RAY

THE BEST STOVE POLISH

X-RAY shines quickest.
X-RAY shinee brightest.
X-RAY lasts longest.
X-RAY cannot catch fire.

X-RAY

IS THE MOST CONVENIENT STOVE POLISH

Is the original powdered stove polish.
A little water makes it a paste stove pol.sh.
A little more water makes it a liquid stove polish.

X-RAY

IS A HOUSEHOLD DELIGHT

The sales of over 15,000,000 of packages last year is a guarantee of its excellence.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., 78 Hudson Street, New York,
GENERAL DISTRIBUTORS

FOR SALE BY

ZION'S CO-OPERATIVE MERCANTILE INSTITUTION,
Salt Lake City - - Utah.

A HEALTHFUL DRINK



Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act,
June 30th, 1906. No. 2574.

You refuse to let your children drink coffee. Why? Because you do not want them to grow up with sallow complexions, weak hearts and unsteady nerves. Then why not use the

Great Family Beverage

Kneipp Malt Coffee, the original and best coffee substitute is all malt and only malt. It is made from choicest barley, malted and caramelized by **Father Kneipp's** own private process. The best of all beverages for the family because it promotes health. It makes children strong and rosy cheeked.

Europe Uses 80,000,000 Packages Annually

For Sale by ZION'S CO-OPERATIVE MERCANTILE INSTITUTION
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Buying good shoes is better than paying doctor bills

Z. C. M. I. Factory Shoes keep your children's feet warm and dry; besides they are just as reasonable priced as other shoes of equal quality.

"MOUNTAINEER OVERALLS"
are honestly made—Don't Rip. Ask for them.



The Sunday School Music Album

is a collection of Marches, Solos, and Sacramental Pieces, arranged especially for use in Sunday Schools, Mutuels, Primaries, etc.

It is the only book of its kind ever published in the Church and contains selections not found in any other book.

The edition is now out of print and no more will be printed. But 300 copies remain to be sold

WHILE THEY LAST, 35 CENTS.

Send to

Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store

44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

DAVID ECCLES, President
M. S. BROWNING, Vice-President

HENRY H. ROLAPP, Secretary
H. H. SPENCER, Treasurer

Amalgamated Sugar Company

DIRECTORS:

JOSEPH F. SMITH
JOSEPH SCOWCROFT
FRED J. KIESEL
ADAM PATTERSON

E. P. ELLISON
JOSEPH CLARK
GEORGE STODDARD
WM. H. WATTIS

FACTORIES:

Ogden, Utah Logan, Utah LaGrande, Oregon

CALIFORNIA

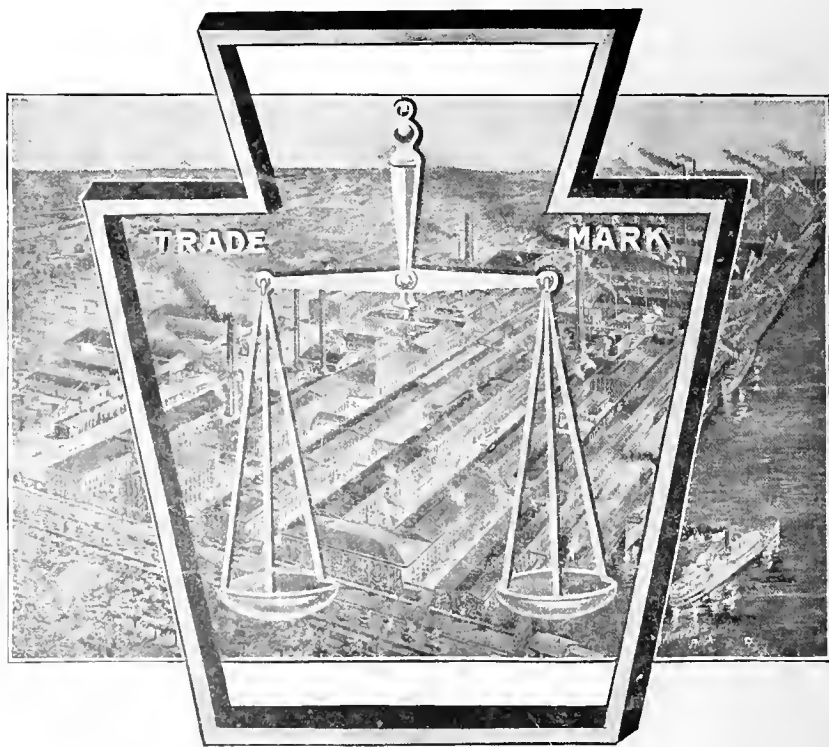
Sunshine, Fruit and Flowers is within twenty-four hours of your very door. It's the place for rest and recreation, health and pleasure. Fishing, Golfing, Automobiling, Yachting and other out door sports may be indulged in every day in the winter.

\$50.00 ROUND TRIP

is the fare and tickets are good six months for return. Ask the SALT LAKE ROUTE man to tell you how you can go to Southern California and return via San Francisco at a slight additional cost and stop over most anywhere

Information and tickets, 169 S. Main St., Salt Lake

DISSTON SAWS



In the DISSTON BRAND of SAWS you have the advantages obtained by the use of highest quality crucible steel specially made in the Disston Steel Works, approved designs, most skilled workmanship—all backed by an experience of over Sixty-eight Years in sawmaking—a combination not equaled and which speaks for the utility of the saws.

"If you want a Saw it is best to get one with a name on it which has a reputation. A man who has made a reputation for his goods knows its value, as well as its cost, and will maintain it."

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, Inc.,
KEYSTONE SAW, TOOL, STEEL & FILE WORKS.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.